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# KASHMIRI LYRICS



# KASHMIRI LYRICS

**SELECTED AND TRANSLATED**

*By* **J. L. KAUL**

**FOREWORD**

*By* **Dr. Amaranatha Jha, M. A., D. Lit.**

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To  
Lal Dēd,  
Haba Khotūn,  
Arñimal, and  
numerous other Kashmiri  
poets, singers, and lovers of song.

Printed at  
The Normal Press,  
Srinagar, Kashmir.

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## PREFACE

In 1930-31 I went again to the University of Allahabad for a sort of a voluntary refresher course. Professor S. G. Dunn (now retired) was still the Head of the English Department and Professors Amaranatha Jha and S. C. Deb were there too. I selected a subject for my thesis in Ph. D. viz., *Bourgeois Element in British Drama*; and with the help and guidance I received from these eminent teachers I could, from the outset, proceed on the right track, without any loss of time inevitable, otherwise, in a large library on a subject of English Literature. Soon, however, I came to realize that there was not sufficient material to work at the thesis; and the libraries of the Universities of Lucknow and Benares and the Imperial Library of Calcutta could afford little help. After the spurt of hard work I had put in with the gusto of young ambition I felt disappointed.

It was at this moment that Professors Dunn and Jha suggested to me that, even in preference to a Ph. D. thesis, I might do a bit of useful work on a subject connected with my own native province and discover something of value. Sometime after Professor Devendra Satyarthi came to Kashmir on his folk-lore hunt and said to me, "Why don't

you take up this work here?" This casual remark confirmed me in the choice of the subject.

I am grateful to Dr. Amaranatha Jha, D. Lit., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Allahabad, for writing the foreword; and I am happy that I have received this recognition from the Vice-Chancellor of my *Alma Mater* for having, in a very humble measure, tried to give back something for what I received from her years ago.

Thanks and acknowledgements are also due to the following: To Dr. Siddeshwar Varma, D. Lit., our eminent linguist and phonetician, who approved the diacritical marks used in the Roman transliteration of the original Kashmiri; to Mr. N. L. Kitroo, Mr P. N. Pushp, Mr S. L. Dar, Mr G. Mohy-id-Din, who made valuable suggestions; to Pandit Sat Lal Kaul, who introduced me to several of these poems; to Mr G. A. Mahjur, Mr A. A. Azad, Mirza G. H. Beg, Mr N. L. Ambardar, Pandit Daya Ram Gonju, Pandit Zinda Kaul, and Messrs Ali Mohd. and Sons, Publishers and Booksellers, for permission to print their poems.

**J. L. K.**

## FOREWORD

More than thirty years ago my teacher and my predecessor in the professorial chair at the Allahabad University, Professor Dunn, wrote a paper which made a deep impression on me. He described a tour in the Sind Valley and referred to the bearded coolies, tall muscular men, with dark eyes and close-set eyebrows, prominent cheek bones and broad foreheads, divided from the rest of the world by a circle of snow mountains, preserving, untouched by modernity, the traditions and the sympathies of their Dard ancestors. He wrote:

“On this occasion, the labours we had shared together, or to put the case more materially, the distribution of some tea and cigarettes, opened their hearts, and soon we had them singing the old songs of their secluded valley, the songs of the long winter when no work can be done, and the songs of the march which make the load seem lighter. There is a peculiar fascination in all such singing; we seem to come nearer, as we listen, to the simple things of earth; the artificial needs and desires, which modern life presses upon us, lose their hold upon our minds, and the rugged voices underneath the stars awaken in us echoes of our primitive home, and touch us with the sense of fellowship throughout the ages.....I kept them singing far into the cold night, till the fire had died down and the wind from the glaciers sent us to the shelter of tent

and bed. I wish I could reproduce the strange cadence of their voices, as one after another took up the refrain; I wish I could recreate the mood in which one listened; but since these things are impossible, I will try to give, imperfectly as it must be, the substance and the spirit of some of their songs”.

He then went on to render into English four songs, entitled “The Song of the Coolies”, “The Song of the Bulbul”, “The Dreamer”, and “The Lover”. Each of them has a distinctive flavour and each tells not merely of familiar matter of today, but of eternal verities glimpsed through rugged experience of life. Each enshrines the heart’s longing both for things of this earthly abode and of the life hereafter. This is “The Song of the Coolies”:

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

The wind of the dawn blows cold, and the stars  
are yet in the sky. But the journey before us  
is long, and the loads are heavy.

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

Come, let us sing as we go, for the birds are  
singing too. They also have their time for travel.  
When we have made our stage we will light a  
fire of sticks, and then we shall have joy of our  
food. Our journeying will be over for the day.  
Oh! that will be pleasant! But, men and birds—  
we must all be moving.

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

For our life on this earth is just coming and going.  
We cannot stay anywhere for long. Even Rajahs  
are just like us, coming and going. We have a  
long march to make, and now we must be off.  
It is no good staying at home. A man's home  
is his heart, but he who goeth out of his own  
heart, may, perchance, find God upon his journey.  
O you cooli folk ! it is time to be stirring.



These songs, even in translation, made a great impression. Anonymous singers singing poems composed by anonymous poets, melody soaring to the eternal moonlit snow and flooding the wooded valley; and one wished to have a larger collection of these old and antique strains which knit mankind into one.

Some years later, Grierson and Barnett published an edition of "*Lallavakyani*, the Wise Sayings of Lal Ded, a mystic poetess of ancient Kashmir". This was followed, four years later, in 1924, by "The Word of Lalla the Prophetess," done into English verse by Sir Richard Temple. This is a valuable publication, containing, as it does, an elaborate discussion of the theory and doctrine of Lalla's religion. These sayings are popular, but they have in them the wisdom and the philosophy enshrined in the popular poems of Kabir and Chandidas and Tukaram. Here is a poem which expresses the view that duty should be done because it is duty



and not for the sake of the fruits thereof :

“ Whatsoever thing I do of toil,  
    Burdens of completion on me lie ;  
Yet into another falls the spoil  
    And gains he the fruit thereof, not I.  
Yet if I toil with no thought of self,  
    All my words before the Self I lay :  
Setting faith and duty before self,  
    Well for me shall be the onward way.”

These publications further promised a rich store of poetry and gnostic literature. When, therefore, a senior scholar from Kashmir came to Allahabad for advanced work and was not able, for want of material, to proceed with research on the subject he had chosen, it seemed an admirable opportunity to suggest to him that his genuine devotion to literature and his understanding and appreciation of its finer graces should be diverted to a field which had not been explored and which only a native of Kashmir could satisfactorily investigate. Principal Jai Lal Kaul agreed to do this, and he has, in spite of hard academic and administrative duties, produced this valuable collection of Kashmiri lyrics. One surprising feature of these songs is their lyric quality which is revealed even in the texture of prose translations. Most of them deal with human emotions and, as is natural in a lyric, are intensely subjective. A poem depends for its appeal so much on the flavour

and association of words and the mood that they evoke that it is bound to suffer when rendered into another language. Despite this, Mr Kaul's translation does succeed in reproducing the spirit, the soul of the original. Dryden said: "All translation may be reduced to these three heads—*metaphrase*, or turning an author word by word and line by line, from one language into another.. *paraphrase*, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered ....*imitation*, where the translator assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground work, as he pleases." Mr Kaul's rendering belongs to Dryden's second category.



In his very interesting Introduction, Mr Kaul divides the history of the Kashmir lyric into four periods: the first in which flourished Lal Ded and Sheikh Nur-ud-din; the second, covering the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which Haba Khatun and Arnimal are the prominent names; the

third with which are associated Mahmud Gami and Parmanand and Prakash Ram; and the fourth, the contemporary period, dominated by Mahjur and Zinda Kaul. I have no knowledge of Kashmiri, but I have found in most of the lyrics printed here a large number of Sanskrit words, either in their pure form or as modified by popular usage. Thus we have such words as

apavitra, snán, akriya, chor, sádhu, rájhansa, áshá, maitri, shatru, násha, káma, krodha, lobha, chandramá, tárá, amrita, vanavás, yuvá, más, sahasrayuga, tyāg, rág, yogábhyás, dhyán, upavás, sankalpa, harshá, mahámantra, vaikuntha, máyátita, nirmal, nád, vād, dyaus, prabhát, kálagrás, pushpa, muktá, rásamandali, tan, man, phal, sheesh, kesha, malá, yauvan, darshan, kokil, sundari.

These are used by Hindu as well as Muslim poets. Similarly there is a large number of Persian words. The various languages that have influenced Kashmiri culture are well represented in these songs. That is inevitable when persons sing spontaneously; the words that are familiar to them in daily life occur naturally to them and these are used rather than "ink-horn terms."

For over five centuries the lyric has flourished in Kashmir, touching life at many points, describing trivial happenings of every day, depicting scenes from nature, delineating

human feelings, the life of toil, of suffering, of hunger, of passion, never forgetting quite and ever retaining in the background the spiritual heritage of the land. The green-wood tree, winter and rough weather, the sweet breath of spring, the ravages of time, Death's purple altar, the many voices of nature, the shadow of the night,

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty  
That had their haunts in dale or piny  
mountain  
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring  
Or chasms or watery depths’—

all these and strains of music from elfland—we find in these lyrics; and we thank Mr Kaul for a repast which can now be enjoyed by those who do not know the language of Kashmir.

Amaranatha Jha

September, 1945.



## INTRODUCTION

### I

I call these short poems lyrics because they are lyrics, literally. They are sung to the accompaniment of

“sitar, sarangi, and drum,”

and “sāz,” “santūr” and “tumbakhnār”—musical instruments which we in Kashmir have made peculiarly our own. It is as songs sung by musicians and lovers of music that most of them, of unknown authorship, have been recorded, interspersed among Persian songs and *gazals*, in the old manuscripts of “*mausiḡis*” or books of music, with appropriate directions of “rāg” and “tāl” and “muqām.”

### II

In oral transmission these songs have assumed different versions from locality to locality and texts have become corrupt. Manuscripts have fared no better. What happens is something as follows: A is a lover of song and music and hires the services of a calligraphist to make a copy for him in Persian script which, without additional diacritical marks is very incomplete and misleading for a language abounding in vowel

sounds. Sometime after, *B* wants a copy and engages a copyist who, while transcribing from *A*'s copy, drops many dots and lines and does not care to understand the text. Copying is copying, no more. Then sometime after, *C* gets the copy of *B* and many more mistakes of text are made, and so on from *C* to *D* and *D* to *E*, mistakes increasing with every copy, till one comes by a very corrupt text which is the tenth or perhaps the twentieth copy of the original. Then one has to trace backwards, a hundred or two hundred years; but the earliest copies are extinct or disfigured by time. Patience and curiosity, however, can help; and I have had my moments of joy when in 'vacant moods' I have hit upon, as in a flash, what the original word or phrase must have been. This is adopted after being put to all the relevant tests of rhyme and metre, sound and sense, and the general sweep and impression of the manuscript calligraphy. Such a word or phrase has not unoften illumined a whole song. Number 98, for instance, where the manuscripts and oral tradition agreed on a somewhat meaningless phrase in the second line (within quotation marks here).

Yas gav masvali "gönde havā."  
which is corrected as

Yas gav masvali "göndur haväy."

This has been a labour of love for several years; and I can claim to have so tuned myself to these songs, their music, mood and meaning, that I can exercise the right and responsibility of an anthologist. For it cannot be quite a "dilettante business" for the first anthologist of a language which has a living tradition of song from the fourteenth century to the present day. I cannot, however, say that I have omitted nothing of value, that no 'gems' may be discovered which are not here. For a first anthologist this would be a tall claim. What I claim is this: here is a collection, a golden treasury (if you will) of Kashmiri lyrics which may not be found to include anything that has not a poetic feeling, sentiment or mood or beauty of word and phrase.

Out of the various readings or versions I have selected the more poetical, not the more popular one; but where the claims of a variant have been impressive, I have given it in the footnotes. I have also exercised the anthologist's right of excision, for some of the poems improve by excision of weak verses and superfluous stanzas. The unit of translation has been, with a few exceptions, the line, not the stanza; and I have not attempted translation into verse though I suspect myself of having caught at places the rhythm of the original when it could,



more or less, be rendered into English. I have, with a few exceptions, kept quite close to the original: I have translated literally but, I hope, fairly intelligibly, and the foot-notes indicate where I have departed from the literal meaning. For effect I have sometimes literally translated the original idiom or conceit *e. g.*, 'love *melted* me, 'water thee with milk', 'burns of love.' For me, however, the original is the thing, not the translation.

### III

My love for the Kashmiri lyric has been (I hope) genuine and intimate. It has sent me wandering up and down and across the valley on many "lyrical" hunts and enjoyable "lyrical" missions, for some of these songs live in the country. But they are not only cowboy songs. Nor are they domestic folk poetry comprising marriage songs and funeral songs or "Lytierveses" or harvest songs, the stuff of which folk songs, as such, are made. We have all these in Kashmiri as well as nonsense nursery rhymes or singing games like  
astam bāre the-re the-vñ...

Or okusbókus tilāwān čokus...

Or zūn māj zūnī aṅgan maṅgan...

Nor are they what may be called folk-ballads expressing the Kashmiri's satiric humour; for he can laugh at his own discomfiture:

buji aki dōp yi kyā didI gom  
 kasābay osum su kōt didI gom  
 su ha didI nyūnay gurā āban  
 zor kōr vēshive ṣahlāban

Said an old granny in a wild flurry,  
 "Oh, woe is me ! Oh, woe is me !  
 O where's my headgear ?"  
 "O granny dear, O granny dear,  
 The yellow flood has carried it off."  
 The Vishav has overflown her banks.

#### IV

I have loved these songs for their music, for their melody. For the Kashmiri lyric is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its musical rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances, that come most spontaneously as the very stuff of our language, which has about as many vowels as consonants. We have no sonant aspirates, and gutturals and harsh consonants are rare. The cleverest Kashmiri verse-maker could not make a line as harsh as this, deliberately and for effect, with only Kashmiri words :

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack."

Rhymes and refrains help to enshrine these songs in the memory which are memorable for another reason also. For many years these songs have relieved the tedium of the

life of our women who, mostly unlettered, find in them a sincere echo of their emotion. They give

“——a very echo to the seat  
where love is throned.”

Like the songs in *braja* tradition it is generally the woman who is the lover and utters her love. Besides, many of these lyrics are unmistakably the work of women poetesses, Lal Dēd, the mystic, Arnimāl (the wife of the famous author of “Bahari Tavīl”), Haba Khātūn of song and story, and (Mrs) Jum of Navhatta. They have also enlivened the sweated labour employed by “Kārkhānadārs”, and the artistic toiling of the deft craftsmen of Kashmir.

“Mark it [the song] Cesario, it is old and plain ;

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread  
with bones

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love”

And the embroiderers, the *pashmina* and *gabba* makers, wood-carvers and papier-machie makers, and the country lads and country lasses do use to chant it. Muslim maids are free in Kashmir as they are perhaps now here in the north-west of India. Says Mahjur :

"Singing thou roamest the uplands above  
And fairies thee applaud;  
Like the *didar* lark thou singest.

"Can *Khoja* women match thee?  
Thou dost roam free amid flowers.  
*Khoja* women lie confined indoors,  
O country lass, O sweet, O dear!" (No. 121)

These lyrics become memorable to us for we can relate them to actual experience and to places. I have such numerous song-and-place associations and memories. They can re-create for us, in whatever measure, the poet's own background of his experience as no other poetry can do. Persian poetry never did this except, in a second-hand manner, for a few of the upper classes. Urdu has not, at least as yet, taken the place occupied by Persian (say) fifty years ago; and it cannot be expected to do much more than what Persian did with its court prestige and intrinsic poetic appeal for the educated few. Meanwhile the educated Kashmiri must go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to him, which alone could vibrate the string of his heart with the incantation of its verse, and he must wear himself away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within him and bind him with the life around. A poor life this!

## V.

The melody and the rhythm of a poetry make for the "capital difficulty" of translation, perhaps a little more so for Kashmiri poetry. Of late the rhythms of Kashmiri songs have by imitation of the Persian prosody (the only prosody the Kashmiri song writer knows) become very correct but very inflexible, a strait-laced pattern of quantitative metre, notably in the present day *gazals*. In the older songs of Lal Dēd and some others we discern a looseness and a flexibility which does not fit in quite within the precise Persian or *doha* quantitative metres. Sir George Grierson was right in discerning a tendency towards stress being substituted for quantity in the Kashmiri song. It is the stress accent that saves it from monotony, helps the metre to express the subtle rhythms of lyric moods, and accommodates turns, exquisitely musical, which, while the songs are being sung, often occur to the musician or the singer.

We feel a certain peculiar ease in weaving rhymes and rhythms. There is indeed a "nursery rhyme thrill", a certain Hickery-Dickery-Do pattern of rhythm, which anyone can hear (as Aldous Huxley<sup>1</sup> heard it) any time, of day, in the streets of Kashmir with which a group of coolies enliven the heavy loads they carry collectively. Several Englishmen have told me that they can catch and

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1. *Jesting Pilate*.

appreciate the lilt of a Kashmiri song (say), a boatman's chanty, more easily than they can do elsewhere in India. Here is what Mary Hallowes<sup>1</sup> caught of the tune of a chanty sung by boatmen punting up their cargo boats "khôcū" in the Jhelum.

"Swift the current, dark the night,  
 ( Yā—illā, lā—illā )  
 Stars above our guide and light  
 ( Krālīār, bālīār ! ) . . .  
 All together on the rope,  
 ( Ya Pīr—Dust Gīr )  
 In our sinews lies our hope  
 Khālīko, Mālīk—ko ! . . ."

This is not all. When Id is approaching and Ramadan is about to end in the city or the villages; or, in the villages, at the time of harvest or a local festival on an evening when the moon is up on high and "the heavens are bare", the country lasses and the middle-aged dames will come out and divide themselves into groups, and the groups will fall into rows, and the rows will be interlocked in a kind of friends' shoulder or waist lock, which is made by arms outstretched over the shoulders or round the waists of their fellows on either hand till they form a solid interwoven file. Another row is formed likewise at the distance of

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1. In the Illustrated Weekly of India.

a few paces, facing the former. Then that swing-like movement of the whole file begins, keeping time to the dance time of a Kashmiri "Röv." Which is like this :

*First row advancing and the second row receding,*

Come, O fairies, let us dance, let us dance,

*Second row advancing and the first row receding.*

Sheltered from light while the peaks are  
aglow with rosy dawn, with rosy dawn.

(No. 40)

And so on till the moon declines in the west  
and the peaks are aglow with the rosy dawn.

## VI

What survives of the Kashmiri lyric when its musical associations and vibrations of rhythm are lost in the process of translation? It loses the very stamp of poet's experience, its individuality, its unique mood and moment, which integrate music, rhythm and meaning of a poem. If it is a lyric, the very stuff of its experience, its substance or content, may suffer equally with the form. A lyric is a musical utterance of a mood or an emotion and the music cannot be separated from the mood; and the Kashmiri lyric, with a few exceptions, is not an "intellectual" lyric. But something may yet survive in these translations of mine, indicating this content and mood which, if I were to put it in a

word, I would call *lol* (to rhyme with *bole*) a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart, 'a longingness—'poor mortal longingness' in Walter de La Mare's phrase." This longing may be for God for many Kashmiri lyrics<sup>1</sup> enshrine a striving and a hunger for God in many moods.

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied  
myself .... (No. 8)

Whoever realizes his own true Self ...  
(No. 19)

I abandoned myself completely to love ...  
(No. 25)

The sense of fate :

I spread bird-lime, I wandered far ... (No. 18)

The striking imagery and epigrammatic terseness :

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow  
hawk ? (No. 16)

The edifying and exultant moods :

Since I tried to know the secret of man's  
being ... (No. 16)

The Indian religious lyrics, unlike the Hebrew psalms, breathe a spirit of charity for all. There is no vengeance against one's foe.

Sow Thou the seeds of friendship for me  
And yet slay not even my enemies! (No. 15)

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1. See Poems in Part I.



nor even against one's inconstant Love,

Yet did I say : 'Long mayest thou live !'  
(No. 96)

Yet long may he live and give joy to them.  
(No. 97)

Or, the Rās-Lilā lyrics, stressing inward experience rather than outward formalism and preferring *bhoga* to *tyaga*, in true Kashmiri Trika Saivite tradition.

Rās is where love's expanse broadens into  
an ocean :

Rās is equipoise 'mid sour and sweet  
(No. 33)

Our dance is devotion, yoga, and jñāna.  
Our dance is a samādhi in 'wakeful activity.'  
(No. 32)

Why shall we renounce the world?  
(No. 31)

In the mansion of the body.

See, a dance is going on,

With all its nine windows open.

Make a ring, make a ring. (No. 30)

## VII

Then the longing for Love in all its moods!  
The spring is come, flowers are in bloom,  
and the *kukil* and *tiriv* are here—but "where  
are you?"

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,  
Love, where are you ? (No. 35).

See the *Kaav*, the *kukil*, and the *poshinool*  
(No. 36)

The expectation and the elation of Love's visit :

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine,  
(No. 38)

Then the long long waiting till the days  
drag ; but he does not come and the yearning  
deepens and so deepens the anguish of sepe-  
ration.

The distant meadows are in bloom,  
Hast thou not heard my plaint ? (No. 44)  
Think of *lodar* flowers' bloom along the  
rivulet banks— (No. 47)

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine.

I long for thee. (No. 54).

Did you not see him

Who still smites me with love ? (No. 70)

Then comes the questioning and doubting  
of Love's fidelity. Indeed he is "sporting  
strangers 'mong", and the rivals mock at her.  
Even her endurance has a limit, and she  
begins to fling accusations at him, the Reckless,  
the Inconstant, the Visitor of a Hundred  
Homes, the Luxury mad, the Voluptuary.

Over passes high I carried him wine,  
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades.  
O why does he dwell in the distant glades?  
O where is he drunk with my rivals'  
wine ? (No. 73)

Hardly had I, a budding hourie, bathed  
me in sandal-oil,  
When he, My Love, did flee away from me,  
O friend... (No. 107)

He is faithless and a vow-breaker :

Friend, to his vows no credit give....  
(No. 115)

Now they become copper, now they become  
bronze ... (No. 116)

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me for-  
lorn, (No. 117)

### VIII.

There are other moods, other nuances of these moods; but their tone is usually the same: plaintive, wistful, melancholic. It is rarely that, apart from the Rās-Lilā lyric, we find a whole-hearted abandon to joy, sensuous or supernal. Why should most of our songs lack gaiety and rapture?

"... Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
They learn in suffering what they teach in  
song."

Is it that we have, till recently, lacked any noble aspiration, any large-hearted hope for many centuries past? But while these songs express our helplessness and resignation to fate, they do also express our pious fortitude and our popular philosophy of life and faith in God.

These lyrics have few allusions and fewer ornaments and figures of speech. There are references to Shirin and Farhad, La'ila and Majnun, Shekh Sana and Mansur, from Persian but usually we draw on our own legend and lore and speak of Bombur and Lolare, Himāl and NāgIrāy (lovers famous in legend) or myna and golden oriole and turtle-dove (birds), or narcissus, daffodil, hyacinth and colchicum (flowers) and the like. They have directness, simplicity, sometimes naivete, and a tender poignancy of feeling.

Don't be cross, O Myna dear,  
It's love has smitten me. (No. 65)  
This world is new, for ever and ever new,  
O lovely maid, weave thy youth into a  
wreath of dance (No. 64)  
Say, without thee, how shall I fill my  
days? (No. 80)  
Across meadows and down hillsides...  
(No. 48)

Persian has had a dominating influence on Kashmiri, and being a sweet language, its words and phrases have been assimilated easily. What one may take exception to is not the borrowing of words and phrases which have enriched our language, but the use of anaemic and worn-out imagery and insincere hyperbole of the decadent Persian poetry. On rare occasions, however, the

Kashmiri poet can strike a genuine spark from the mint of persian conceit :

Thy tresses are a hyacinth, (No. 68)  
 In the garden of love the wounds of my  
     heart are the flowers,  
 And my sighs are the cypress. (No. 93).

## IX

This seems to be the "poetically effective order." Other arrangements there could well be. This, for instance : lyrics directly addressed to Love (first person); lyrics addressed to one's friend and companion, pleading for her intercession (second person); and lyrics expressing one's love for the beloved without such intercession (third person).

Or, chronologically : The famous Lal Dēd, a mystic poetess of the fourteenth century continues the tradition of our indigenous philosophy, Kashmir Monistic Saivism or the Trika School, in an energy of idiom and terse imagery rarely equalled in our language. Her contemporary, much younger in age, Shekh Nur-ud-Din of Crar Sharif, Nuḥd Rishi, as he is popularly known, wrote didactic poems in verses which have become current as pithy sayings and proverbs ; but the genuineness of his verse in *Rishinama* or *Nurnama* cannot be vouched for with certainty.

It is in its second period during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the Kashmiri lyric enters upon its typical period when first Haba Khātūn and, later on, Arni-māl with several known and unknown poets sing of human love in what may be called the typical Kashmiri *Lol*-lyric which is amply represented in this anthology<sup>1</sup>. The love they sing of is secular: it is no longer largely mystical, spiritual or didactic as it had been in the first period from the fourteenth to nearly the seventeenth century, the age of Lal Dēd and Nuṇd Rishi. The *Lol*-lyric is very musical, very brief, rarely more than ten lines including the repeated refrains, abounding in rhymes and assonances, put in the mouth of a woman lover, a cry from her heart, expressing in a flexible pattern more a mood than a thought.

The nineteenth century or thereabouts ushers in the third period, the age of Mahmūd Gāmi and, a little later, of Parmānand. Persian influence is now deep on theme, idea and diction as well as on metre, rhyme, allusion and imagery. There is less directness and poignancy of feeling but more passion and sensuousness, ornateness and conceit. This is a fruitful period of Kashmiri literature both in the number of poets and

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1. See Poems in Part

the quality of their poetry. The *Rov*-lyric, begun earlier no doubt, now comes into vogue as a literary art-form.

With Parmānand and even earlier with Prakāsh Rām, we are introduced to a new kind of lyric which I have called the Rās-Lilā lyric, distinguished by its abandon to joy, expressing devotion and religious fervour for a Personal God, notably Krishna or Siva. The universe exists: it is real and it is good. Indeed all creation is an overflowing of God's joy; it is a Lilā, a Siva's dance.

## X

The fourth period<sup>1</sup> may be said to have begun with Mahjūr in the twenties of the present century. The present-day poets have tried some new themes, such as, Mahjūr's. *The Country Lass*, *Arise O Gardener* and *Our Country is a Garden*.

If thou wouldst arouse this habitat of roses,  
leave toying with kettle-drums;

Let there be thunder, storm, tempest,  
yea, an earthquake !

Our Country is a garden (No. 121)

The Hill-stream goes asinging : (No. 122)

The Hill-stream goes asinging : (No. 131)

The modern note is, however, sounded by Pandit Zinda Kaul, in a poem which might be entitled "Interrogation", a poem which shows

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1. See the Poems in Part III.

the possibilities of the Kashmiri lyric, what it can achieve in a diction not divorced from the present-day idiom, employing new rhyme-schemes and rhythm-patterns and haunting refrains, an expressive medium, rich in its "incantation" and beautiful imagery, bodying forth the eternal *why* and the eternal *longing* of the human soul:

Is Love an idle fancy?  
Is Beauty a "vain illusive show"? (No. 139)

This points the way to something beyond the "silly sooth" and the dalliance with "the innocence of love" of the earlier *Lol*-lyric.

J. L. K.

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## The Kashmiri Alphabet :

### *a. Vowels :*

Short	Long
1. à àch (an eye)	2. ä às (a mouth)
3. a akh (one) अ, । [fur]	4. ā ākh (a mark) आ । [far]
5. ą tər (a rag)	6. ą tər (cold)
7. i dil (heart) इ । [fill]	8. ī tīl (oil) ई, ी [feel]
9. u kun (single) उ, । [pull]	10. ū kūn (a corner) ऊ, ु [pool]
11. ę zęv (tongue) [इ+अ. zest]	12. e yer (wool) ए, े [अ+इ, bale]
13. ó nór (a sleeve) [hot]	14. o bor (a load) ओ, ो [bore]
15. ǒ dǒd (milk) [उ+अ, dual]	
16. I khāsI (cups)—a shade of i, at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant.	

*b. Consonants :*

k क क, kh ख ख, g [get] ग ग, n [bring] ङ ङ

\* ç [soft] च, çh छ, z ज ;

c च छ, ch छ छ, j ज छ, ñ [canyon] ञ ;

ṭ [hard] ट ट, ṭh ठ ठ, ḍ ढ ढ ;

t [soft] त त, th थ थ, d [soft] द द, n न न ;

p प प, ph फ फ, b ब ब, m म म ;

y [you] य य, r र र, l ल ल, v व व ;

sh श श, s स स, h ह ह ;

\* ç çam (skin), soft c.

çh çhat (a draught of air), soft ch.



*And it is in this associative quality in words...that half the secret of poetry is to be found if we could find it. That is why, with no exceptions that are not negligible, authentic poetry has never been written in any language but that to which the poet was born.*

*John Drinkwater*

*The volatile essence of poetry, we know, must evaporate, most of it, in another tongue, and the translator must ever ask for much to be taken on trust....*

*Oliver Elton*

## PART I.

## Lal Dëd

## 1

Lal bóh drāyas lolare  
 çhārān lūstum dën kēho rāth  
 vuchum pāndith panāni gare  
 suy mē rōtmas nēchtur ta sāth

## 2

keñh chiy nēndari-hātiy vudiy  
 keñčan vudën nēsar pēyī  
 keñh chiy snān kārith aputiy  
 keñh chiy geh bāzith ti akrayī

## 3

kyāh kara pānčan dāhan ta kāhan  
 vōkh-shan yith lēji karith yim gāy  
 sāriy samahān yith razi lamahān  
 ada kyāzi rāvihe kāhan gāv

### 3

#### 1

Longingly for love did I, Lalla, set forth,  
And many a day and night I searched ;  
Then, lo, I saw the Pandit in my own home ;  
Then did I fix upon the moment  
    auspicious.

#### 2

Some, though asleep, are yet awake,  
While on some, who are awake, hath slumber  
    fallen.  
Some, despite ablutions, are unclean,  
While some, 'mid household cares, are  
    actionless.

#### 3

Ah me! the five<sup>1</sup>, the ten<sup>2</sup>, and the eleven<sup>3</sup>  
Have scraped out this pot<sup>4</sup> and gone away.  
Should they all unite and pull upon this rope,  
Why should the cow<sup>4</sup> of the eleven<sup>3</sup> go  
    astray ?

---

1. The five *bhutas*. 2. The ten principal and secondary vital airs.  
3. Five *Jnanendriyas* and five *karmendriyas* and *manas*. 4. The 'pot'  
and the 'cow' are the soul ; the cow is owned by eleven masters, each  
of whom pulls it in his own direction.

## 4

## Lal Dêd

## 4

lâlith lâlith vaday bo-dây  
 çettä muhac pëyiy mây  
 roziy no pata loh-laŋgarac çhây  
 nêza-svaraph kyâh môt Huy hây

## 5

nâbadI-bâras aṭa-gand ḍyöl gom  
 dên-kâr hól gom hêka kahyū  
 gōra-suñd vanun rāvan-työl pyom  
 pahāli-rōst khyöl gom hêka kahyū

## 6

āmi pana sōḍaras nāvi chas lamān  
 kati bozi day myon mē-ti diyi tār  
 āmēn ṭākēn poñ zan shamān  
 zuv chum bramān gara gaṇḥāhā

## 5

## 4

I shall weep and weep for thee, my soul,  
 The illusion of the world hath befallen thee.  
 Not for thee will survive even the shadow of  
 the objects thou lovest,  
 Which like an iron anchor tie thee to the  
 world;  
 Alas! why, then, hast thou, forgot thine own  
 true Self?

## 5

The sling of my candy load<sup>1</sup> hath become  
 loose, and it galls my back;  
 My day's work hath gone awry; ah, woe is  
 me!  
 My *Guru's* word hath been as painful as a  
 blister of loss<sup>2</sup> to me;  
 My flock<sup>3</sup> hath lost its shepherd; ah, woe is me!

## 6

With an untwisted thread I am towing a boat  
 on the ocean;  
 Would that my God heard my prayer and  
 brought me safe across!  
 Like water in pots of unbaked clay, I waste  
 away;  
 I have a longing keen: would that I were to  
 reach my home!

---

1. Of worldly pleasures. 2. He has told me to renounce (lose) the pleasures I have loved. 3. I have lost one-pointedness of mind and purpose.



## 6

Lal Dëd

## 7

pôt zūni vóthith mót bolanovum  
dag lalanävam dayisañzi prahe  
LālI LālI karān Lāla vuzanovum  
milith tas man shroçyom dahe

## 8

Lal bo lūşas çhārān ta gārān  
hal mẽ kormas rasa-nishi ti  
vuchun hyótmas tādI diṭhI-mas baran  
më-ti kal ganeyi zi zogmas tātI

## 9

mal vöndi zolum  
jigar morum  
tëli Lal nāv drām  
yëli dālI trävI-mas tātI

At the early dawn I got up and sang to the  
 mad one<sup>1</sup>,  
 And soothed his pain with the love of God.  
 Trying to realize "*I am Lalla*<sup>2</sup>, *I am Lalla*," I  
 awakened my Love,  
 And became one with Him ; and the ten<sup>3</sup> were  
 purified.

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied  
 myself,  
 And even beyond my strength I strove ;  
 Then, looking for Him, I found His doors  
 closed and latched.  
 This deepened my longing and stiffened my  
 resolve ;  
 And I would not move but stood where I was,  
 full of longing and love, to gaze on Him.

All impurities within me I burnt away,  
 And I did slay my heart.  
 I came to be known as the pious Lalla,  
 Only when I cleaved unto Him there :  
 Only when I sat, just there, waiting for His  
 grace.

---

1. My heart mad on worldly pleasures. 2. My own true Self which  
 I realized was the same as the Supreme Self. 3. *Indriyas*.

## Nuñd Ryósh'

## 10

āshakh suy yus āshkaṣaṭI daze  
 sōn zan prazaḷēs panañuy pān  
 āshkun nār yēs vālinji saze  
 ada māli vātiy suy lāmakān

## 11

āshakh chuy kun gōbur māji marun  
 su zōla kari ta kihay  
 āshakh chuy ganaṭulaṛēv pān barun  
 su sōkha rozi ta kihay  
 āshakh chuy ratajāma tani pārāvun  
 su āh kari ta kihay

## 12

ārābalan nāgaṛādā rov  
 sād rov çūran mañz  
 mūdāgaran gōraṇpāndith rov  
 rāzaḥamsā rov kāvan mañz

---

1. Shekh Nur-ud-din of Crar Sharif.

## 9

## 10

The lover is he who burns with love,  
Whose Self doth shine like gold.  
When man's heart lights up with the flame of  
love,  
Then shall he reach the Infinite.

## 11

Love is death of an only son to a mother—  
Can the lover have any sleep?  
Love is venomous stings of a swarm of wasps—  
Can the lover have any rest?  
Love is a robe dripping with blood—  
Can the wearer even utter a sigh?

## 12

The fount was lost amidst the rocks ;  
The saint was lost among the thieves ;  
In the homes of the ignorant the wise pandit  
was lost ;  
And the swan was lost among the crows.

10

13

Nuñd Ryôsh

vêthavāvas tan nānī su ti dōhā Nasaro  
tōn vaḡara ta syāñ pānī su ti dōhā Nasaro  
nishi rānI ta vurāni khānī su ti dōhā Nasaro  
vurābata ta gāḍaḡānī su ti dōhā Nasaro

14

poshinūl poshivāriy gārān  
mōḡul gārān huniy vās  
shāj shiñālay gārān  
khar gārān guh lēd ta sās

15

Arnimāl

āshāvañdanḡandi āsho ve  
ḡaṭimañḡa hāvtam ḡāsho ve  
lāsan gomo rāsho ve  
prārān chasāyo āsho ve  
myātranḡuñduy byolā vāvI-ze  
shātran ti kārI-zinā nāsho ve

## 11

## 13

The body exposed to the cold river winds  
 blowing,  
 Thin porridge and half-boiled vegetable to  
 eat—

*There was a day, O Nasaro<sup>1</sup>!*

My spouse by my side and a warm blanket to  
 cover us,

A sumptuous meal and fish to eat—

*There was a day, O Nasaro!*

## 14

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;  
 The owl seeks out a deserted spot;  
 The she-jackal searches dreary wastes;  
 The donkey searches dung and dirt.

## 15

O Thou Hope of the hopeful,  
 In mid darkness show me light.  
 To far-off Lhāsā he has gone for gain;  
 Expectant I wait: O bring him back safe  
 to me!

Sow Thou the seed of friendship for me every-  
 where,

And slay not even my enemies.

---

1. His chief disciple, Nasar-ud-din.

12

16

shāhnihuñd shikār gāñth kava zāni  
hāñth kava zāni pōtray dod  
shamaḥuk māni lāsh kava zāni  
māch kava zāni pāmpaṛI soz  
yēli yēs bani tēli suy zāni

—(Lal · Dēd)

17

ti būzith yi gaḥi mashun  
pashun ḥali dōn āḷaman

khākas nishi nerān sōn  
grāko sōy kān parzanāvtan  
kāma krūḍa lūba nishi gaḥi nashun  
pashun ḥaliy dōn āḷaman

18

dyūṭhum orutāh gomut hīre  
nādāna yi kāyū vīre ṭaṅg

jēchām vāḷavāshi tachām khore  
jēchām saṅgar ta vuchām koh  
day nay diyi ta ḍeka nay pūre  
nādāna yi kāyū vīre ṭaṅg

—Khwaja Habib

## 13

## 16

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow-hawk?  
 How can the barren woman feel the ardour of  
     a mother's love?  
 How can the faggot burn like the candle?  
 How can the fly feel the martyrdom of the  
     moth?  
 When man suffers, then alone he knows.

## 17

When thou hearest that, thou must forget this,  
 Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the  
     worlds.

From earth comes out gold,  
 O Seeker, find out that mine of gold,  
 And abjure lust, anger and desire:  
 Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the  
     worlds.

## 18

I saw a man in distress, begging.  
 O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

I spread birdlime, I wandered far,  
 I climbed rocky cliffs and mountains high—  
 (And I did all that man could do)—  
 If God doth not grant, if fate doth not decree,  
 O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?



14

19

yāmI kōr sara panun pān  
mas bānan ṭhān muṇṇāvith gav  
chiv lagēs hosh nashas  
mashas paṇanuy pān  
na su zāni hēndI vōpath  
na su musalmān

20

āmI-day sūṛamātI sāṇyāsI  
ṇūri dil ti myon vōdāsI niv  
jaṭi chas gaṇṇ ta haṭi shāhmāro  
ḍeki chus shūbān ṇāṇḍramāṭār  
aṭhi ch s poṣhikI ta amrēṭakhāsI  
ṇuri dil ti myon vōdāsI niv

21

lōli lōli karay lōli maṇzali  
mē kali cāni gomo sūr  
chivaṇuk mas cato gali gali  
ākāshi lāḡ gulibōmbūr  
rav zān Shav chuyo thali thali  
sōṇaṣaṇz shrākḥ pyāyimo hali  
kaṇṇāna kati pyom āshkaṇūr  
yēli yēs bani tēli suy zāni  
yus gaṇchi Kābas su katyū pheri  
daṇḍa daṇḍa vuchi nūrezuhūr  
sāl kari Kābas lāmakānas pheri

## 19

Whosoever realizes his own true Self  
 Uncovers the vessels of wine,  
 Overflows with joy, is intoxicated,  
 And forgets his lower self :  
 He will not know a Hindu  
 From a Musalmān.

## 20

The ash-besmeared Sannyasi,  
 The Ascetic, has stolen away my heart.  
 Down His matted locks the Ganges flows and  
 the cobra entwines His neck,  
 His brow is illumined by the moon and the stars,  
 In His hands He holds cups of nectar and  
 flowers bell-shaped—  
 The Ascetic has stolen away my heart.

## 21

In the cradle of my lap I shall rock thee,  
 I am utterly consumed with longing for thee.  
 Drink the wine ecstatic.  
 Rove in mid air like wasp-bee in the sky,  
 See, Siva, like the sun, is everywhere.  
 Love's golden sword has pierced my side,  
 I know not where I was waylaid by Love :  
 When man suffers, then alone he knows.  
 Whoever goes to the Ka'ba will not turn back,  
 Every moment he will see the Vision Beatific,  
 And in the Ka'ba and the Boundless he will  
 roam.

16

22

yēth samsāras vānI mē diçāmas  
yāras melun gānimath

zāhid rūzith göphi tay gāras  
ābid pherān mañz gulzāras  
āshakh mushtākh paṇanis yāras  
yāras melun gānimath

—Khwaja Habib

23

āshkan āshI-kataṛa dur zan harān  
tarān mijgāna mūhañI kān  
āshakh tim yim marnaḇbronṭh marān  
lāshakh vātān lāmakān  
māshokh ḍishith gul zan phōlān

—Khwaja Habib

24

lajiyo matyo cāni thazi kāri  
lāgay kāripātiy posh

grataḇbal gayas grata anavāri  
ḇhal gom bāli pharāmosh  
ōḇ khēv graṭan ta ōḇ gratakhāri

āshkaṣag lajām lola tōlavāri  
phiryām poshi camānan sag  
āb gom jāri osh mā māri

—Kalandar Shah

## 22

I did carefully survey the world :  
It is a blessing to find one's love—

The hermit dwells in his cave,  
The devotee roves amidst flowers,  
The lover yearns for his beloved.  
What a joy to search and find one's love !

## 23

Pierced by the darts from their beloveds' eye-  
lashes,  
Lovers shed tears like pearl.  
True lovers die before their death ;  
And men of faith come to the Infinite ;  
Seeing their beloved, like flowers they bloom.

## 24

I adore thy graceful neck and stately,  
And with larkspur adorn thee, Love.

I went to the corn-mill to take my turn  
But I missed the device—ah, foolish me !  
I lost some grist in the mill-wheel and some  
in the corn-basket.

I filled buckets of desire with the water  
of love,  
And watered the flower-plots ;  
But the water overflowed : will the Lord of  
the Garden chastise me ?

āshkāni mādāna trāvyām hay  
hay tavay toṭhyom pānay day

yāmi dārI-yāva āsI paḍā gay  
layi roz tamikuy may āpaṛay  
“vaja’lnā minalmā’i kul shayin hay”

keñçav pyāla cay payāpay  
keñcan cavān sapāduy tay<sup>1</sup>  
keñh gay tāri<sup>2</sup> ta keñcan chu say.

—Khwaja Habib

bar-buka āyēs sōrgaç hūr  
mohēm dūr hā maḍano

gāphila pāno kāphila dūr  
suy gom kósūr hā maḍano  
zarānata karākyā maḷanā sūr

sārivay çanĵāv kāsino pūr  
kuniras taḥandis aḥd lób no  
yus gav maṇa kinI tāmI lób nūr

---

1 and 2 Var. Kay, mokalith. The meaning changes to—  
Some could not tolerate their drink; Some have reached the  
goal while some are on their way.

I abandoned myself completely to love<sup>1</sup>;  
And God is pleased with me.

Be steadfast in love and I will give thee  
A taste of wine which fills the River of Life  
That brought us hither ;  
From whose water God hath made every living  
thing<sup>2</sup>.

Some drank cup after cup unceasingly ;  
Some, in the act of drinking, attained to the  
goal ;  
Some have despaired, while some still have  
hope.

Full to bursting am I, a hourie of Paradise,  
Do not flee away, Love.

Ah, careless me ! the caravan is gone far ahead,  
And that has been my undoing, Love :  
Shall I not languish, shall I not with ashes  
besmear myself ?

All sought Him but none found  
The infinitude of His Unity ;  
He alone found the Light who struck the path  
of Self within.

---

1. Lit. I let the horse of my mind wander at will in the field of love.  
2. The Koran, Sura, XXI, 30.

diginibalas vigini vanavāno  
bozu jāno suy soz jān<sup>1</sup>

sòn samandar sani bā sōṇaye  
ròn bāthis pēṭh atha mūrān  
òn kyā zāni tirakamāno  
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath sōdras vāṇatūphāno  
nāṇa vuchamas beshumār  
keñh phaci tay keñh yīrāno  
bozu jāno suy soz jān

dārith dyutnas mañz ḍarī-yāvas  
nay vuchmas sum nay tār  
vath hāvtam chus gārzāno  
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath kāḍalas karu zolāno  
ami apor chuy 'fano-fil-hāh'  
na chu hyōñḍ tay na musalmāno  
bozu jāno suy soz jān

---

1. Var. Bozu jano sozi Sultan—Hear, O hear, the royal tune.

It is the fairies that sing at the fount,  
*Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.*

On the shore of this ocean, bottomless and deep,  
 The maimed sit wringing their hands,  
 And the blind cannot take aim with a bow and  
     arrow.  
*Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.*

In this ocean I see a tempest raging  
 And countless boats—  
 Some have sunk and some are drifting.  
*Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.*

I am cast into the midmost waters,  
 And I can find no way across :  
 I am a stranger here—"Lead Thou me on !"  
*Hear, O hear, that song so sweet,*

Manacle thy (self and make of it a) bridge\* (to  
     span this ocean wide) ;  
 And, across, attain to the "Annihilation in the  
     Divine",  
 Where there is no Hindu nor Musalman.  
*Hear, O hear, that song so sweet,*

---

\*The self alone can be a bridge across this ocean, provided it is so disciplined as to move beyond the confusion of diversity of paths to the Dominion of the Divine, where there is Unity.



Azizmòt gomut devāno  
 lolābāyan sōkhan bāvān  
 nekh mardan haṇdi anāmāno  
 bozu jāno suy soz jān

—Aziz Darvesh

## 28

yārI dōp māshokh pādā karantay  
 pāda gav 'kalam ta lavh'  
 rōbaşuṇd phōrmān lyukh kalāmantay  
 vantay lo hay lo

Rāma Rāma paryāv Shekh Sanāhantay  
 hēnzimōkhā lōb tāml yār<sup>1</sup>  
 but polun Kōrān zoluntay  
 vantay lo hay lo

ana pōr Hazrati Mansūrantay  
 manā nishi lōb tāml yār<sup>1</sup>  
 vanānuy sir chuy āyul pantay  
 vantay lo hay lo

vajūdi ādamas diçām kantay  
 sajūda rūdus bo  
 tanashut vajad āv malākantay  
 vantay lo hay lo

—Wahāb Khār

1. Var. day=God.

Azizmôt has gone crazy,  
 He is letting out love's secret among his  
 fellow-men.  
 He has heard it from pious men and saints.  
*Hear, O, hear, that song so sweet.*

Love said : "My Beloved I shall create ;"  
 And there was tablet and pen.  
 The pen wrote the command of God.  
*Sing hey ho for joy!*

Shekh Sana recited the name of Rama,  
 And in an Indian girl he found his Love,  
 He worshipped an idol and burnt the Koran.  
*Sing hey ho for joy!*

"I am the Truth", said Hazrat Mansūr,  
 In his own mind he found his Love—  
 That secret is difficult to tell\*  
*Sing hey ho for joy!*

Since I tried to know the secret of man's being  
 And obeisance low I made,  
 The angels have begun to dance for joy  
*Sing hey ho for joy!*

---

\* Lit. As subtle a secret as an untwisted thread is frail.

yāra gaḥḥavo divaye  
 āshkāra drāvaye  
 sūraṭan maṇz ḥāvaye  
 chus Muhammad nāvaye

“kuntu kanzan” āvaye  
 jalva mārān drāvaye  
 “nahnu akrab” bāvaye  
 yāra gaḥḥavo divaye

pārī-mas mē nāvaye  
 lachi-bādī chis nāvaye  
 kyāh bo dimāsay nāvaye  
 yāra gaḥḥavo divaye

hā gachto kāvay  
 myāni vantas grāvay  
 sina muḥarīth hāvaye  
 yāra gaḥḥavo divaye

—Khwaja Habib

Nandālāl āv gindane rās  
 āra kārī-ve āray

āraḥval dāz lolānāray  
 āraḥval<sup>1</sup> kōr vanvās  
 āraḥval<sup>2</sup> phīr āraāray  
 āra kārī-ve āray

---

1. Var. ararastīl=The Cruel One. 2. Var. arakac=The Love-lorn.

## 29

*Friend, we will go to the festival*<sup>1</sup>.  
 He has manifested Himself,  
 And is incarnate in human form:  
 His name is Muhammad.

He, "the Hidden Treasure," has shown Himself,  
 And comes trailing splendour;  
 He is "nearer than our life-vein" to us.  
*Friend, we will go to the festival.*

I have recited His names,  
 Countless are they,  
 Say, how shall I call him?  
*Friend, we will go to the Festival.*

Go, dear crow,  
 Convey to Him my complaints,  
 I would open my heart to Him.  
*Friend, we will go to the Festival.*

## 30

Nandalāl is come to dance,  
*Make a ring, make a ring.*

The wild rose is aflame with love,  
 It has taken to the woods,  
 It has wandered by the brooks.  
*Make a ring, make a ring.*

---

1. at Hazrat Bal.

dihidārikayi mañz vārāy  
 vuchive khelavun rās  
 dāri muṇarīth nav dāray  
 āra kārI-ve āray

kārive sōndar nāray  
 rōhv karānuk abyās  
 Shāmaśōndar bozi vāray  
 āra kārI-ve āray

lāri kyāh yēmi samsāray  
 sāsan kārive sās  
 akh dayināv tāri tāray  
 āra kārI-ve āray

Kṛaṣhnas sātI lōkaçāray  
 Kṛaṣhnaḷuvā kar athavās  
 yi chu lōkaçār dōh tāray"  
 āra kārI-ve āray

—Krishna Rāzdān

## 31

sāmiv karav athavās  
 pākiv rās gindāne

shērēth sāmpanI kunī rāth  
 Gūpīnāth naçani lōg  
 vāhar dōh gav pāhar mās

---

3. Var. gindanekI chiy doh taray—Thy time for play is three short days.

In the mansion of the body,  
 See, a dance is going on  
 With all its nine windows open.  
*Make a ring, make a ring.*

O maidens beautiful,  
 "On with the dance";  
 Shyāmasundar will enjoy it greatly.  
*Make a ring. make a ring.*

What of this world will go with us?  
 Let us, then, spend profusely.  
 Lord's name alone can ferry us across.  
*Make a ring. make a ring.*

From thy childhood, O Krishnaju<sup>1</sup>,  
 Dance hand in hand with Lord Krishna;  
 Youth will last but three short days.  
*Make a ring, make a ring.*

## 31

Come, let us join hand in hand  
 And let us go out for the *ras*-dance.

Six months passed like a single night  
 When the Lord of Gopis began to dance—  
 A year flew as a day and a month as an hour.

---

1.—The poet himself.

yēth bālapānas dimav çuhāh  
yūthuy dōhāh gānīmath  
sāsas yōgas karav sās

shurēn baçan labikani sāvith  
vachitala trāvith neravnā  
satI-hēth bēni pōph māj mās

dāribar vaçha trāvith nerav  
vath lāb ta mastāṇavath pherav  
dayilola rōst kyāh layi atālās

vāniv kas chuva Kṛaṣhnun lol  
zuvuk zuv ta kāmI kyāh çol  
nivavun man divavun vėkās

tōhi kati son-hyuh banyova hāl  
ada kati zānyūn tōhI Nandālāl  
neravnā pāarith vōlās

āsI kamibāpath karav tyāg  
asi gaçhi āsun Kṛaṣhnun rāg  
suy gav taph zaph yūgabyās

katha sāni mahāmanthar zān  
vuchun son zān vōtam dyān  
khyōncōn son bōd vōpavās

We will make the most of life while young—  
 Blessed indeed are the days of youth—  
 A thousand eras we will dance away.

We will lull to sleep our children,  
 From our bosoms weaned away, and  
 Go forth with our sisters, mothers and aunts.

Quick! and leave the doors and windows  
 open;  
 We know the way to Him and, like mad, we  
 will go;  
 Save God's love what will riches avail us?

Say, who long for Krishna dear?  
 Who love him as the life of life? Who  
 have suffered for  
 The Stealer of Hearts and the Giver of  
 Ecstasy?

You have not suffered as we have suffered,  
 How then can you know Nandalāl?  
 Shall we not go bedecked to meet Him?

Why shall we renounce the world?  
 We will bring devotion unto Krishna.  
 That is austerity enough and Yogic meditation.

Our casual words are mighty spells;  
 Our wayward glance, meditation sublime;  
 Our eating and drinking, a holy fast.



kathə gayi nəŋgalith athə rūzith  
kan china tas bən hēkan būzith  
saṅkalpan hund kōr sānIyās

yithēv harshēv khēy kōr shūkan  
kati bani maṅz lūkālūkan  
yēchavāni acharacha vaykōnthavās

Vōṛavāsh vash kār nācānan  
gash gos pushpyos vaçānan  
vuchI vuchI viḡani gayi vanvās

kāyādārith chuh māyātīth  
yūguk chuh sāmī būguk hīth  
būgīth chuh nērmal ta nērabyās

apārI nādāh yēpārI vādāh  
çöpārI Rādhākṛaṣhin chuy  
prathkāṅsi sṭin kārith athavās

rātas doh gav dohas rāth  
naçan chuh shāmas sṭI prabāth  
pānay sāmpun kālas grās

—Krishna Rāzdān

Struck dumb and motionless,  
 We hear nothing but speaks of Him—  
 Our thoughts, desires, and wills renounced.

Such bliss all sorrow kills;  
 Where amid the many worlds can it be had?  
 Even the fairies of Paradise long for it.

Our dance hath bewitched Urvashi;  
 Our songs have struck her dumb;  
 Fairies have fled to woods for shame.

Beyond māyā, He yet wears a phenomenal  
 form;  
 Lord of *yoga*, He yet appears to be a lover  
 of *bhoga*;  
 Enjoying all objects, He yet is pure and  
 actionless.

A call here and a shout there,  
 Rādhākṛishna is everywhere,  
 Hand in hand with everyone!

Night passes into day and day passes into  
 night,  
 The evening dances with the morn,  
 And thus we devour the devouring Time.

āras mañz açavay  
vagine zan naçavay

lāgos posh pūze  
Krashnājuv nēndari vuze  
vōparas kas paçavay

lājhas tani tanay  
shāhlekḥ hanihanay  
kamav premav haçavay

vanas mañz nanāvāre  
çhārān Krashnāpyāre  
kanēv tāpav taçavay

pāmpur shamahas path  
taran kyāḥ chuh karan gath  
mātis path kār maçavay

ashikani mōkhta hāran  
chē lādan mōkhta hāran  
tūlī tūlī zan raçavay

yi pad kyāḥ chuh vanun krūṭḥ  
su parmānaṇḍ kāmī dyūṭḥ  
vuchith vōnmut kaçavay

We will join the ring  
And like fairies we will dance.

With flowers we will worship Him,  
So may He waken up from sleep:  
How can we trust anyone but Him?

Those maidens ardently in love  
Locked him in a close embrace,  
And in every limb felt refreshed and cool.

They went forth, barefoot, to the woods  
In quest of Krishna dear—  
A hot sun above and heated stones beneath.

The moth round the candle  
Goes wheeling by and burns itself,  
So danced these ardent maidens round their  
Sportive Love.

They shed tears like pearl,  
Which put to shame the best of pearls  
Each cut to the weight of a fine *rati*.

How hard it is to tell the secret word!  
Who has known the Highest Bliss?  
And having known it, how few have told of it?

rāṣamandālis cēth premuk mas  
 sāsābaza maṣagāmaṣa naṣanas  
 akhākiṣ athavāsa lāyān āsa nādā  
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

tātI āmaṭI tātI-mātI gāmaṭI  
 nyāy ānṣarith pāyas pemaṭI  
 Narud Sōdām Shōkdiv ta Prahlādā  
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yēndraḷūk kitha vānI-ze Bindarāban  
 nēndri-andar tyuth chinaṣ deshan  
 gājmaṣ tati sārini dihiṣpādā  
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yiṣ gav bakhtbāvanā yūg jnān  
 pāṇamyāni nēshI-cay kārith tiy mān  
 āthI dōpuk vyōthānas maṇz samādā  
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

In the ring of dance, drunk with the wine of  
love,

Thousands of them mad on dance and play,  
Hand in hand interlocked, shouted they:  
“Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!”

Their confusions cleared and doubts removed,  
Thither had come, mad in ecstasy,  
Nārada, Sūdāma, Shukdeva, Dhruva and  
Prahādā, shouting:  
“Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!”

With Bindraban of those days you could  
not compare the abode of Indra;  
Yea, you could not even dream of the like  
of it:  
All those present were freed from the bondage  
of flesh.  
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

This our dance is devotion, faith, *yoga* and  
*jnana*,  
O my soul, realize this truly:  
This is verily a *samadhi* in wakeful activity.  
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

kulI-kaçh ta kani munI muçarâvith  
 sīṇamaṇṇa bāvakaI sīr bāvith  
 GūkalakI mōkht gāmaṭI dādāpardādā  
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākṛishnaji !

rās gav yēti samī rasasamadur  
 rās gav yēti çamī çōk ta mōdur  
 rās gav zi rūdmuṭ āsi na aparādā  
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākṛishnāji !

---

Trees, plants, even stones, opened their eyes  
 And laid bare the secrets of their loves.  
 In Gokul all attained to *mukti*, even their  
 forefathers.

Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākṛishnaji !

*Ras* is where love's expanse broadens into an  
 ocean ;

*Ras* is equipoise mid sour and sweet ;

*Ras* is where there is no trace of sin.

Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākṛishnaji !

---



## PART II

## 34

bahār āv nav bahār āv  
 khōsh havā dilākiy gamgosa trāv  
 raṅg-baraṅg nāvi kar kosman krāv  
 bahār āv nav bahār āv

hiy che dapān zambahas mē chu āmatāv  
 dāg hyōt gulālan sōnaposhas chu cāv  
 māri āmi hameshi-bahāri phīri phīri āv  
 bahār āv nav bahār āv

## 35

raṅga raṅga sārī gul āy  
 madāno kati cāni jāy

ra'nā zebā gulāb āy  
 shab-boy mānziposh sōnaposh drāy<sup>1</sup>  
 kāripāti tā sōmbālan kār grāy  
 madāno kati cāni jāy

—(Khwaja Habib)

---

1. Var. Shab-boyi manza sonaposh dray.

## PART II

## 34

Spring, the new spring!  
 A happy breeze is blowing! Of heartaches  
 and sorrows think no more.  
 Gather violets and tulips of many hues.  
 Spring, the new spring!

The Jasmine says to the White Rose, "I have  
 grown pale".  
 The Red Poppy shows its scar; the *Sonaposh*  
 is full of elation;  
 And see how the Daisy smites us with love: he  
 comes and goes and comes and goes again.  
 Spring, the new spring!

## 35

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,  
 Love, where are you?

The rose has come, graceful and lovely,  
 The tuberose, the balsam, and the *Sonaposh*  
 have bloomed<sup>1</sup>,  
 The larkspur and the hyacinth burst daintily  
 into bloom,  
 Love, where are you?

1. Var. The *Sonaposh* has shone forth from the odorous night.

āv bahār bolu bulbulo  
son vōla barāvo shādī

drāv kaṭhkōsh grōṣa pān chalo  
zara ṣaḷanay vandakī dādī  
vuzu nēndare vuni chā sulo

kāv kumri vuchI poshnūlo  
āy nālan zan phārI-yādī  
bāv vōndakI gamgosa gulo

nāv hiyitan neru sōmbulo  
hēth zāmīnas khati āzādī  
pyāla hēth chay yēmbarzalō

ṣāv soṇt tay nab gav khulo  
būṭarāṣ pēṭh ṣālI phasādī  
tekābatāne ta yirI-kimI phōlo

nāv tan man trāv zalzalō  
drāv shihul poñ kami nāgarādī  
khasu Parbat<sup>1</sup> ta vasu Tulmulo<sup>1</sup>.

—Prakash Ram

---

1. Famous shrines of Kashmiri Hindus,

Spring is come, sing thou, O *Bulbul*;  
Let us celebrate the advent of spring.

Frost is gone. Let us wash our limbs and  
body clean,  
Let us wash away our winter misery.  
Get up, get up, is it early still?

See, the *kav*, the *kumri* and the *poshnool*<sup>1</sup>  
Have filled the glens with their wailings;  
Come, O Rose, thou too confide in us thy  
winter griefs and sorrows.

Show thy delicate form, O Hyacinth, and  
spread  
Thy message of freedom for the earth:  
The Narcissus is holding her cup for thee.

Spring is come and the sky is clear,  
Winter's confusion has vanished from the  
earth;  
Daffodils and meadow-saffron are in bloom.

Let us cleanse our bodies and minds,  
Let us cast away all fear—  
Again from wondrous springs refreshing waters  
flow,  
Again may we visit our sacred shrines.

---

1. The crow, the dove, and the golden oriole.

yěti pěn varshan tátI phal bavantay  
sontay son āv sontīrāy

sosan gultūrI yirI-kimI zěntay  
vōla kar yěmbarzālI kosman krāv  
cila drāv handiposhI kulimI hyót vantay  
sontay son āv sontīrāy

děka pěṭha guṃa chim mōkhta zan harān  
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Shālāmār bihith. pyāla chas barān  
bo dāla chas nivān yūrI vātēm yār  
yāras kiça poshan mālā chas karān  
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Ishābār bihith shīshā chas barān  
bo kesh chas pārān yūrI vātēm yār  
yāras kiça poshan mālā chas karān  
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

—Haba Khotūn .

## 37

Wherever the rains come, there grow crops  
and fruits in plenty.

Wherever spring comes, thither comes Love,  
the lord of spring.

The iris, the lily, and the meadow-saffron  
will sprout soon,

Come, O Narcissus, enjoy the bloom<sup>1</sup>.

Winter is gone; the dandelion and the  
viburnum have blossomed in the woods.

Spring is come, and Love, The lord of spring,  
is come too.

## 38

The sweat of my brow are dropping like pearl;  
I am a lovely maiden, gathering violets for  
Love.

At Shalimar I am filling wine-cups;  
I leap for joy, for my Love will come to me.  
I am weaving garlands of flowers for Love.

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine;  
I am braiding my tresses, for my Love will  
come to me.

I am weaving garlands of flowers for him,  
A lovely maiden am I, gathering violets  
for Love.

---

1. Lit: gather violets. Kosam=violets or flowers generally.

## 39

páhāj-kūrī hā braga-tīrī  
chāvtay nīrī achiposh

páhāj khāçakmay vöganēn bālan  
nālan lāgith posh  
vōlI-ve söndārēv rōv hay karāvay  
çaṭāvay nīrī achiposh

## 40

sāmI-tave viginēv rōv hay karāvay,  
rōv hay karāvay  
saṅgarmālan çhāye lo lo,  
çhāye lo lo  
sōṇaşandI zānpāṇa mökhataṭvI jālar,  
mōkhataṭvI jālar.  
sadaṭaṭvI karāsay pāye lo lo,  
pāye lo lo  
ora yēli yiyam tay bronṭṭahay neras,  
bronṭṭahay neras  
saṭI hēth çonza tay dāye lo lo,  
dāye lo lo,

—Mahmūd Gāmi

Thou Shepherd Lass, O thou Heron Feather,  
Disport thyself amongst the meadow *achiposh*.

O Shepherd Lass, how airily thou goest up  
the low hills,  
With flowers thy collar bedecked!  
Come, lovely maids, let us dance and  
Gather the meadow *achiposh*.

Come, O fairies, let us dance, *let us dance*,  
Sheltered from light while yet the peaks  
are aglow with rosy dawn, *with rosy dawn*.  
I will make for my Love a gold palanquin,  
*a gold palanquin*,  
With fringes of pearl and ivory posts, *and*  
*ivory posts*.  
And when he arrives, I will come out to meet  
him, *I will come out to meet him*.  
Accompanied by many friends and maids,  
*my many friends and maids*.



doh lög darə ta kas chakh prārān  
 çoh dāy bāliye lo lo karān

mārI-mānz dīthmakh ārI-mānzI tarān  
 asəvənI kosam dīthI-may harān  
 lastam ta āstam nigāhāh karān  
 çoh dāy bāliye lo lo karān

—Mirza Akmal-ud-Din

vantay lūciy kor gaçhakh çīrI<sup>1</sup> kuniy zāniye  
 laṭha pūçe çata mārān çīrI kuni zāniye

āriy āriy khaçāyakh āriy āriy vaçhāyakh  
 akāhatēn dakāmārān çīrI kuniy zāniye

Rəshimālyun khaçāyakh grāyi mārān  
 vaçhāyakh  
 RāmbI āras tāra tarān çīrI kuniy zāniye

---

1. Var. or=thither.

The day lingers.

Whom art thou waiting for, O youthful maid,  
in thy voluptuous beauty, singing so  
merrily?

I see thee lovesick, crossing a rivulet,  
O Smiling One, thy smile scattereth violets  
abroad.

May thou be spared long, O sweet maid, and  
May I ever find favour in thine eyes!

Say, dear lass, whither art thou going so  
late, alone?

With thy white *dupatta* wantonly fluttering  
in the wind, thou goest so late, alone!

Along the rivulet banks thou goest,

Along the rivulet banks thou returnest,  
Brushing past thy lovers cruelly, so late, alone!

To the Festival at Rishimol's thou goest,  
and now so coquettishly returnest,

Wading across the Rāmbāra so late, alone!

vānI dimay ārabalan  
 yāra kuni melakhnā  
 (vānI dimay āravalan  
 dubāra yāra melakhnā)

lajI phulay āravalan  
 yāra didār hāvakhnā  
 chiv\* lógum masvalan  
 yāra kuni melakhnā

—Haba Khotūn

lājI phulay aṇḍavanān  
 çe kanan góynā myon  
 lājI phulay kolāšaran  
 vóthū nīrēn khasavo  
 phōj yosman aṇḍavanān  
 çe kanan góynā myon

—Haba Khotūn

bahāriy gul phóI sāriy  
 bozi hāriy poshinūlanI zār  
 vanāvóth kóstūr dód ashkānāriy  
 siyāh kórun panun pān  
 balinā bulbulas āshkābemāriy  
 bozi hāriy poshinūlanI zār

---

\* Var. choh.

## 43

In quest of thee I wander about the hill-streams,

Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?  
(I will search the wild jasmine woods for thee,  
Shall I not meet thee once again, my Love?)

The wild yellow rose has bloomed  
Wilt thou not show thy face, Love?  
'Beauty's fairest paragons' are in their prime,  
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?

## 44

The distant meadows are in bloom,  
Hast thou not heard my plaint?  
Flowers bloom on mountain lakes,  
Come, let us to mountain meads;  
The lilac blooms in distant woods,  
Hast thou not heard my plaint?

## 45

The spring flowers have all blossomed,  
O *Myna*<sup>1</sup>, hear the plaint of *Poshinool*<sup>2</sup>!

*Kostur*<sup>3</sup> came down from the happy woods  
And was charred with the fire of love;  
He turned black—think of that, my Love!  
Will the lovesick *Bulbul* not find a cure?  
O *Myna*, hear the plaint of *poshinool*!

---

1. Starling. 2. Golden Oriole. 3. Tickell's Thrush.

## 46

kāvinI p̄arith nimāyo grāvo  
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

bahār āvtay sañz lóg nāvan  
Sōna Lānki vatharay bo  
shokā cāni zūlāh zālay raṅganāvan  
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

—Khwaja Habib

## 47

hā vōlo mōnI ho vaṇḍayo pādan  
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

ādanā āṣas reñzalaḥ nādān  
yāvaṇas kaḍar no zāniy mē  
ditaṃo darshun cham cāni lādan  
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

kukile p̄arI kavā trāvith kōḷarādan  
dukale vōṇḍa myon gav  
mē kale cāne brāntI gāmo nādan  
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

## 46

Like a crow I shall fly to thee with plaints,  
O Love, the lord of my youth!

Spring is come and boats are sought;  
I shall spread a seat for thee at the Isle of Gold<sup>4</sup>,  
I shall illuminate multi-coloured boats for  
thee,  
My Love, the lord of my youth!

## 47

I will lay the very apples of my eyes at  
thy feet, O come,  
*My Love, companion of my youth!*

When young I played with trinkets,  
Fool that I was,  
And did not prize my youth;  
But now I pine for thee. Show thyself,  
*My love, companion of my youth!*

Like a *kukil*-dove thou didst move along  
the wandering rills,  
And distraction filled my heart;  
Beguiled by love, I fancied thou wert  
calling me,  
*My love, companion of my youth!*

---

4. Sona Lank in Dal Lake.

çento laḍarI posh phòlI kōḷarādan  
 az chum ādan vāṭahamay  
 dihamay darshun sar vaṇday pādan  
 ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

—Arnimāl

## 48

mě shoka yāraṣandi bārI mas-pyālata  
 ālav dītose

taravāni maraḡe vaṣavāni bālata  
 āhiy nītose  
 kyāh kara niyīnam haraṇāni ḡhālata  
 ālav dītose

kandā tay nābadaḡ bārI-mas thālata  
 raṅga raṅga nītose  
 jod gav āshkan dod kētha ḡālata  
 ālav dītose

—Arnimāl

## 49

mě hiyi poshan mālā karēm  
 cāni lolare  
 shrōnI-dār sōṇaṣaṇṇaḡ buṅḡari ḡarēm  
 cāni lolare

53

Think of *Ladarposh* bloom along the rivulet  
banks—

This is the time I look for thee.

Wert thou to come and show thyself,

I would lay down my life for thee,

*My Love, companion of my youth!*

48

For the love of my sweetheart I filled  
wine-cups.

*Go and call out to him.*

Across meadows and down hillsides,

My tender thoughts attend him!

Like a deer he bounded away, ah me!

*Go and call out to him.*

Dishes of sugar-loaf and candy sweet I filled,

Many and various—pray, offer these to him.

Smitten am I—how can I endure the anguish  
of love?

*Go and call out to him.*

49

Jasmine wreaths I weave

*For the love of thee.*

I wear gold bangles, jingling sweet,

*For the love of thee.*



yīd āyi gaçhakh kót  
 kavaḡ gokh gindanas mót  
 mati rozu damāh roza darēm  
 cāni lolare

cāni puçhI rāvarēm rāçiy  
 kăçāh gayas āra-kăçay  
 nūraḡi vakhtay sūra parēm  
 cāni lolare

—Rasul Mir

mē kari taskiça poshan mālata  
 chāvinā hiy

hāvasaḡ bārI-mas madăkhāsI vārata  
 yiyinā karasay vōri maniz jāy  
 darshanaḡ tahande bāl sandārataḡ  
 chāvinā hiy  
 chas myānI dray

—Arnimāl

kar vēsI madun yiyi mē sāla  
 poshan taskiça kari mē māla  
 yāvun osum pūrkamāla  
 mas cath masachiv rātnas nāla

The 'Id is come, where wilt thou go?  
 Prithee, why so fond of play?  
 Love, stay awhile, I kept the fasts  
*For the love of thee.*

For thee I waited many nights,  
 And how I pined away!  
 At the rosy dawn prayers I said  
*For the love of thee.*

## 50

I weave garlands of flowers for him—  
 Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine?  
 For Love I filled wine cups to the brim,  
 O were he to come!  
 In my bosom I would place him;  
 And my love-lorn youth would be happy  
 again.  
 Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine—  
 For my sake?

## 51

Dear friend, when will Love accept my  
 invitation?  
 I have woven garlands of flowers for him.  
 I was in the very prime of youth  
 When, drunk with wine, my Love caught  
 me in an embrace  
 (And cast his spell on me).

rasa vōlay vōlay vōlay sōndārI-ye  
masākhāsI hay bārI-may çe

vuṭh chiy raçaphālI dañd mōkhtaṃālay  
māsam hōñji kyāh kosam hārI-ye  
rasa vōlay vōlay sōndārI-ye

āsmān khāçkhay hāy rāngaçārI-ye  
vasākhay pāṇa kina lāgay vāḷabārI-ye  
rasa vōlay vōlay sōndārI-ye

—Khwāja Habib

ho karayo ho ho karayo  
myāni yāro ho ho karayo

asavāni māshoka asi-kun sāthā  
rasa vōḷa masakī khāsI barayo  
ho karayo ho ho karayo

dūre āham nūrāṇa trāvān  
durdāṇa sōṇakanādūr garayo  
ho karayo ho ho karayo

—(Aziz Khan)

Come, O come trippingly, Love,  
I have filled goblets brimful for thee.

Thy lips are coral beads,  
Thy teeth are rows of pearl,  
Dimples scatter violets on thy guileless face.  
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

My Titling, thou hast flown to the skies.  
Come down or I'll spread birdlime for thee.  
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

Love, I'll sing thee a lullaby,  
*I'll sing thee a lullaby.*

My winsome Love, come trippingly to me  
this once,  
I'll fill thee wine-cups,  
*I'll sing thee a lullaby.*

Thou comest trailing splendour from afar,  
I'll make thee gold ear-rings, my Pearl,  
*I'll sing thee a lullaby.*

58

54

myāni madan hiyo hiyo  
cham cānI lādan

hā yiyo yiyo  
darshun diyo diyo  
cham cānI lādan

ādanaṇ cēysatI karyām vāday  
vāḍa kavā ḍolham piyo piyo  
cham cānI lādan.

—Arnimāl.

55

yitaṭ yitaṭ yāro yito  
hitaṭ drāyas gari ta vāy  
hiy phōlyā bēyi yito  
dēvaṭ bāl daraṭ ta vāy  
mārI-maṇḍi myāni zār bozto  
kāli gaṇṇa baraṭ ta vāy

—Jum Navhatta

56

kar lagan cānI kadam sāni āṅgan  
sheri hēmāyo vōlo  
bo drāyas dardaṭ cāne  
pardaṭ ṇaṭih bēyi yitāmo vōlo  
bo do Hīmāl āṣas  
bāl māṇṇas poshi tulay ho vōlo

—Arnimāl

## 54

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,  
I long for thee.

Come, O come,  
And show thyself;  
I long for thee.

I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,  
Why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?  
I long for thee.

## 55

Come Love, pray come,  
I left my home for thee.  
Will jasmine bloom again? O come,  
I may yet live.  
Loved One, hear my plaint:  
Time soon will wither me, alas!

## 56

When will thy feet touch my courtyard?  
I would place them on my head, O come!  
For love, I left my home and hearth  
And tore the veil, O come!  
I was a famous beauty once, and now,  
I have faded<sup>1</sup> in my teens, O come!

---

1. Lit. I am reduced to the weight of a flower.

## 57

kar raṅgim karvātēm  
 sārī sāmāṇa vōlo  
 shar kāstam sar bo vanday  
 cēy rōst dēn kāhī baray  
 dūrēr con no zaray

—Haba Khātūn

## 58

mē kārī-mas poshan dastay  
 kar yiyam bālī bālayār  
 dādi tahande dil gom khastāy  
 kar hāvēm bālī didār

ruṭhī-mātis tas yāraṣay  
 vānī-tose myānī vīlāzār  
 yiyi natay myānī draṣ chasay  
 karaḥsay sar nisār

bumbakamāni cilā kyāh chusay  
 tīr lāynam beshumār  
 sīnaṣipar dāryāmasay  
 kōrnamay bālī shikār.

—Haba Khātūn

I dyed my hands in henna—  
When will he come?  
It's Love should come to me, bedecked.  
Come, still my craving,  
I am dying for thee:  
Without thee how shall I fill my days?  
I cannot endure separation from thee.

I have made posies on posies for him,  
When will the Loved One come to me?  
Pining for him I have broken my heart,  
When will the Loved One come to me?

Convey my wailings to my Love,  
And, pray, let him be reconciled;  
Should he tarry, conjure him in my name  
I would lay down my life for him.

How tensely drawn are his eyebrows!  
Many a missile he shot at me.  
I bared my bosom for a shield  
And now a stricken victim lie.



62

59

dāmāna bōdum ashi mati  
kāmaṇI prārān dòh gom  
sāmāna gāṇḍith āyēs  
yūt kyāh çe lóguy nashi mati  
pāman lājthas kyāh kara  
kāmaṇI prārān dòh gom

—Arnimāl

60

kāvaraṅ kórtham hāvu dīdāro  
yāro lol ho ām conuy  
chāṇḍān lūsas gāma-shahāro  
dechām sāriy çeý hyuh na hānh  
tani tōph lāytham guli-bómbūro  
yāro lol ho ām conuy.

61

cāni bartal rāvēm rāçay  
āvāz vāçay no  
khāsI vōzalı barga chàçay  
chas sörgaç yēmbarzal  
kālI melav kayāmāçay  
āvāz vāçay no  
vanahā yac āshkaṇi brāñçay  
kan thāvto Mahmūdas  
kaman sūrtan gaçhān mēçay  
āvāz vāçay no

—Mahmūd Gāmi

## 59

The hem of my robe is drenched with  
 tears, Love;  
 Waiting and yearning, my days drag.  
 I came bedecked;  
 Prithee, why so proud, Love?  
 I have become an object of taunts, ah me!  
 Waiting and yearning, my days drag.

## 60

Thou hast turned me black as the raven,  
 Come, and show thyself to me.  
 Love, I yearn for thee.  
 Weary I grew, looking for thee 'mid country  
 and town.  
 I have found none like thee.  
 Thou hast stung me, O Wasp-bee;  
 O come, I yearn for thee.

## 61

At thy door I waited for nights on nights,  
 Did you not hear me wail?  
 With bells red and petals pale  
 I am a divine narcissus (waiting for thee);  
 It's a long long time to the Judgement-day.  
 I would sing many a song for love,  
 Pray, lend thy ears to Mahmūd—  
 What lovely forms must turn to dust!  
 Did you not hear me wail?

64

62

gāñ gāñ mo kar hā yāndaro  
kanarēn phālilay malayo  
rabi tala kār tulu hā sōmbulo  
yēmbarzal pyāḷa hēth prārān chay  
hiyithār chastay dubāra phōḷayo

—Arnimāl

63

āchI mē losam dārēṭa-bārI-ye  
sōndārI-ye son yikhnā  
shēchi soṇahay mañza chim ṭharI-ye  
sōndārI-ye son yikhnā

zālI-pañjirac hāy raṅgaṇārI-ye  
ālI lañjinay yerakhnā  
kālI pañjaray rozan ṇārI-ye...

nāṇa camāṇac tāṇa babārI-ye  
sāṇa vōdi haṅga loguthnā  
rashk con niv mushk ambārI-ye...

khasaṇaI hāy poshethārI-ye  
asaṇun kyāh con rōkhsār  
ḍūrI sagaṇānī tūrI mā bārI-ye...

—Makbūl Shāh.

Do not murmur and grumble, O Spinning-wheel,  
 Thy straw-rings<sup>1</sup> I shall oil.  
 Raise thy head from under the earth, O  
 Hyacinth,  
 Narcissus is looking for thee with cups of  
 wine.  
 Once faded, will the jasmine bloom again?

My eyes are aching: I have been looking  
 for thee from doors and windows,  
 Wilt thou not come to me, Love?  
 For the obstacles in my way messages of  
 love cannot reach thee,  
 Wilt thou not come to me, Love?  
 O thou pretty cage-ling,  
 Wilt thou not build thy nest on the bough  
 outside?  
 Death soon will empty all the cages.  
 O thou fresh basil of the garden of love,  
 O thou envy of fragrant ambergris,  
 Dost thou need to adorn thy brow?  
 O thou flowering creeper,  
 Thy face happy smiles doth wear,  
 Thy breasts are brimful with love.

---

1. Rings made of straw in which the spindle is fixed.

yi chu duniyā navikhōta nov-ye lo lo  
 kari bāliye yāvānas rov-ye lo lo  
 yāradāde kyāh banyāv pāmpūras  
 shamahas path devāna gov-ye lo lo....<sup>1</sup>  
 yaradāde kyāh banyāv bōmbūras  
 yēmbarzali path devāna gov-ye lo lo....  
 yaradāde kyāh banyāv Bombūras  
 Lolare path devāna gov-ye lo lo...  
 yaradāde kyāh banyāv NāgI-rāyas  
 Hīmāli path devāna gov-ye lo lo...

asimay rosh hāriye  
 āsI hay lolan māriye

kyāh banyāv Pharhādas  
 Shirīni path devāna gav  
 tāml ti saṅgalāth vāliye  
 asimay rosh hāriye

kyāh banyāv Majnūnas  
 Lāli path devāna gav  
 tas no būz māji māliye  
 asimay rosh hāriye

---

1. The refrain, *kari baliye yavanas rov-ye lo lo*, is repeated as indicated here.

This world is new, for ever and ever new,  
O maiden dear, weave thy youth in a wreath  
of dance.

For love the moth has to suffer  
When he goes mad after the candle-flame.  
For love the bee has to suffer  
When it goes mad after the narcissus.  
For love Bombur\* had to suffer  
When it went mad after Lolari\*.  
For love Nāgrāy\* had to suffer  
When he went mad after Himāl\*.

Don't be cross, my Myna dear,  
It's love has smitten me.

For Shirīn Farhād had to suffer:  
For love he tore down the hill.  
For Laila Majnūn had to suffer:  
Her parents would not relent.

So don't be cross, my Myna dear,  
It's love has smitten me.

---

\*Lovers famous in Kashmiri legend.

pardā tālī jalva dyut māshokantay, māsho-  
 kantay  
 mẽ ta tas azaḷay ās miḷavantay, ās miḷavantay  
 raṣhi saṭī kami sōni asi kōr ṇhēntay, asi  
 kōr ṇhēntay  
 rūṭhmut maṇavith vēsī antantay, vēsī antantay  
 giṇḍanuy diṇasay kaṇakuy sōntay, kaṇakuy  
 sōntāy  
 yina nishi nāshas yina kāñh sōntay, yini  
 kāñh sōntay  
 tas path rovim sor āḍantay, sor āḍantay  
 āmī loḷaṇūran diṇam santay, diṇam santay  
 thaph dith mushnam shīla vāsantay, shīla  
 vāsantay  
 āvaṛ ta vāvaṛ kār mẽ vāvantay, kār mẽ  
 vāvantay  
 hārnas hārnas zan pāhī-pantay, zan pāhī-  
 pantay  
 dilakuy hāl vōn Maḷabūlantay, Maḷabūlantay  
 dāḍēv bārī-thay chas hanhantay, chas hanhan  
 tay

— Makbul Shāh

Love's splendour shines beneath the veil,  
*beneath the veil;*  
 We were destined to be one, *we were destined*  
*to be one;*  
 Some rival has estranged him from me,  
*estranged him from me;*  
 Reconcile him to me, *O reconcile him to me;*  
 I'll make him a gift of all my gold, *of all*  
*my gold;*  
 See that no rival keeps him away, *keeps*  
*him away;*  
 For Love I pined away my youth, *pined*  
*away my youth;*  
 That thief of love stole my heart, *stole*  
*my heart;*  
 At a single blow my heart he snatched,  
*my heart he snatched;*  
 The gust (of love) blew me about, *blew*  
*me about;*  
 Like the dry leaves in autumn, I fluttered  
*down, I fluttered down;*  
 Makbūl has laid bare his heart, *laid bare*  
*his heart;*  
 Every limb of his doth smart with love, *doth*  
*smart with love.*



asI āy lārān lolə s̄atiy  
 lo lāti lo  
 chiy āshkəhādiy s̄atI s̄atiy  
 lo lāti lo

arəzāh karəhay roz ātiy  
 boztam ārizo  
 matə losənāvtakh lūsI-mətiy<sup>1</sup>  
 lo lāti lo

āshakh chi vārāh lūsI-mətiy  
 peməti yəkhso  
 matə vuzənāvtakh nēndərihātiy  
 lo lāti lo

kokal zəy cānI babəriphātiy  
 na ta mā shab-bo  
 kyāh chiy shubān kārīpātiy  
 lo lāti lo

āho cāshI-mav mārI kətiy  
 cāshI-mə cānI jādo  
 dīshith harənav van rətiy  
 lo lāti lo

ath sōmbul bāgas vānI mə ditiy  
 rāvərim sārI doh  
 yim āshkə tōngal pāmI tātiy  
 lo lāti lo.

—Rósul Mīr

---

1. Var. yim naz kadam trav sotiy.

We have hastened out of love to thee,  
*lo lati lo*<sup>1</sup>!

The love-lorn still do follow thee,  
*lo lati lo*!

I would make suit to thee, O stay,  
 And, pray, hear my suit;  
 Do not wear out the way-worn, Love<sup>2</sup>,  
*lo lati lo*!

Thy lovers, weary and worn out,  
 Have fallen by the way;  
 Do not wake up the sleep-laden,  
*lo lati lo*!

On either side thy basil locks,  
 Thy luscious tuberose  
 How they become thy lovely back!  
*lo lati lo*

Thy gazelle eyes so many have killed,  
 Thy magic eyes enthrall,  
 The deer have fled to woods for shame.  
*lo lati lo*

I scanned thy hyacinth garden well,  
 Spending days together,  
 The flame of love was lighted in me,  
*lo lati lo.*

1. Lit. O my beloved, O!

2. Var. Walk thy gentle paces slowly,

moy con chu sômbul  
 hovuth kaman kaman  
 trovuth chẽ parayshan  
 bulbul mǎ saman saman  
 nāzaki khañjara sǎtI  
 āshakh mārith kǎtI  
 suy khūn ẵ mālith drākh naman naman  
 bīnī du bādām vasl-i shākh bumban bumban  
 nargis chẽ pur-mas bārI bārI lolǎ caman caman

āv bulbul byūth thari  
 dil mễ nyūnam sǎndǎri  
 nosh kōrnam nēndǎri  
 hosh kōrnam bāmbari  
 rāth dōh chas nazǎri  
 dil mễ nyūnam sǎndǎri

Thy tresses are a hyacinth,  
 Thou hast displayed them to many, O so many!  
 Thou hast untied and loosed<sup>1</sup> them  
 Will *bulbuls* not assemble,  
     so many, O so many!  
 By thy airs and graces<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou hast killed so many, O so many!  
 And, thy finger-tips dyed in their blood,  
     thou roamest:  
 See'st thine almond-eyes and  
     bough-like eyebrow arches cusped,  
 And thy narcissus face, in full bloom,  
     a very garden of love!

The *bulbul* sat on a bough,  
 He ravished a maiden's heart,  
 He robbed me of sleep,  
 He scattered away my wits;  
 Day and night I look for him.

---

1. Thus loosed they are a net for lovers.  
 2. Lit. By the sword of thy airs and graces.

74

70

tōhi mā dyūṭhvan su hay  
yemI bo dōhay gājnas

tulaḡatur lōgum pōhay  
hāraṇI tāpan gājnas  
joyan lājnas dōhay, yemI bo...

path nayēn āsaḡ bōhay  
tōtuy votum tabardār  
ganēn kōrnam tōhay, yemI bo...

—Haba Khotūn

71

gindaṇi drāyas turI gayas raḡsith  
dōhdari yānI lūsith gom

mālinI myānI arbāb āsI  
tavay pyom Haba Khotan nāv  
aṭI mānzI drāyas barka kāsI kāsI  
sōr ālam ḡasith āv  
vanakī taparēshI tapā āy vāsith  
dohdari yānI lūsith gom

—Haba Khotūn

Did you not see him  
Who smites me with love?

He exposed me to the frost of *Poh*<sup>1</sup>,  
He melted me in the hot sun of *Har*<sup>2</sup>,  
He still makes me wander, like a running  
brook, in quest of him.

I lived apart, a pine in the back-woods,  
Thither my Woodcutter came  
and found me out,  
And felled me, and burnt the logs to ashes.

I left my home for play but returned not  
When the day sank in the west.

I came of noble parentage  
And made a name as Haba Khātūn.  
I passed through crowds drawing tight my  
veil,  
But people flocked to see me,  
And ascetics hurried out of woods;  
When the day sank in the west.

76

72

lasa kami hāvasay  
su nay chu hēvān  
nāv tay nasay

örfa chu ālāmasay  
yīd chě āshākasay  
yāras róst yīd kōsay

āndarī āndarī zājnasay  
tōndras lājnasay  
māzas gom basābasay

shīn zan gājnasay  
āran vājnasay  
joyan lājnasay

73

věsiye gaçhtay astay astay  
dastay karāsay poshenay  
dārāyi tāryom taskyut mastay  
su chumay pherān goshenay  
su kavay rūdum goshenay  
tas kati lōgmay parud mastay  
(yiyi nata gaçhasay hiy-zan khastay)

—Haba Khotūn

What hope can keep me alive?  
He doth not ever think of me.

The world observes Ramadan<sup>1</sup>,  
The lover celebrates the 'Id;  
But there can be no 'Id when Love is away.

Love has consumed me from within,  
He has cast me into a hot oven,  
And is burning me to cinder.

Love has melted me like the snow,  
He has fretted me like the hill-stream,  
And has made me restless like the rills.

Go gently and call him, friend,  
I've made posies of flowers for him.  
Over passes<sup>2</sup> high I carried him wine,  
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades?  
O why is he roaming in the distant glades?  
O where is he drunk with my rival's wine?  
(Should he not come, like jasmine I'll fade;  
Go gently and call him, friend.)

---

1. Lit. Urfa, the last day of the fasts, when the 'Id is anxiously awaited on the following day.

2. Lit. up Dara, at the foot of Mt. Mahadev,



78

74

yës mǝ kórmay dil havālay  
gaçhta vǝsI yūrl antane  
māramót antan savālay  
vāra lāgas tān tane  
sar bo karas pāyimāl  
gaçhta vǝsI yūrl antane

75

çañanI-poshi raŋga hay dīthmas tan  
ça nōn no vānI-ze bozi ālam

doha aki tas ta mǝ mejāyi tan  
hā amob thāvnam sōy lādan  
āvyul mā sanyos myon hiye badan

ārifav tā ašhakav racāy van  
māni būz MansūrI nāra dāzas tān  
“analhaq” pōr tāml mañz mārakan

—Khwaja Habib

Whom I have entrusted with my heart,  
 Go friend, and bring him back to me.  
 I would press my body close to his,  
 I would lay my head at his feet;  
 Go friend, and bring him back to me.

I have seen his body :  
 It is the colour of peach-bloom !  
 Pray, let no one come to know of it.

Once his body and mine closed in an embrace—  
 O it is that has filled me with longings  
     keen !  
 Did my jasmine body press too hard and  
     hurt him ?

For love many devotees and lovers re-  
     nounced the world  
 And betook themselves to woods ;  
 Mansūr alone realized love's true meaning,  
 His body was set aflame ;  
 "I am the truth," said he openly,  
 He cared not for what people would say.

nata kânsi nay zaraṇI aṣhkanI nāraṭatI  
hā lātiy ça chāvtay nēndārihātiy posh

“analhaq” paryāv Mansūr mātI  
gāphilav māni būzith zonus na kenh  
tāmI dārapēṭḥa hyōtun yār panun sātI-sātI

yēli chum yāvun çetas pēvān  
tēli cham yivān devānaḡi  
āshakh bōmbur vyūr hēvān  
phīrI-phīrI camānan vōn divān  
yēli par ḡukanas chu vaṣith pēvān....

bani yēs kenh ārām na tas  
mē chu pēvān kyāhtām çetas

lola kartāji chōkh yēs yiye  
ābi hayāth tas no vaye  
dor-davā dīdār chu tas

yēna tas yaraṣaṇz kal gayam  
nālI lolac hāṅkal gayam  
taṇa chas bāl māsībatas

## 76

Who ever did endure the burns of love?  
 O maiden, enjoy flowers while yet they are  
 waking into bloom.

"I and my Love are one," said Mansūr,  
 People heard him but did not understand;  
 From the gallows he clung fast to his love  
 And proved his faith.

## 77

When I remember the days of youth,  
 I feel like mad.  
 How true a lover is the bee!  
 It sucks honey and knows no satiety:  
 It seeks out flowers in gardens,  
     again and again,  
 Till its wings fail and it falls down dead.

## 78

Whoever is in love, will know no peace:  
 I feel a tugging at my heart.

Whoever is wounded with the darts of love,  
 Ambrosia is no balm for him;  
 His only balm is a sight of Love.

Ever since I have been in love  
 I am a captive, bound hand and foot;  
 I feel the misery of it,  
 Even in the innocence of my youth.

Hasānas lola-tabas davā  
keñh-na vaṣaḷaki mas-pyāla sivā  
hā sākaṃyā dāmā ditā

—Gulām Hasan Ganāyi

loytham āshkun dāma  
dilārāma dilbaro

mijitir cāni yēli āma  
vanto káhi sandaro  
mañdinēn kórtham shāma...

hiyitani pēyēm hāma  
gaṇ gaṇ cāni bōmburo  
tōph mo lāy siyāphāma....

—Akbar Baṭh

dil tāri kórtham dilbaray  
vanto çe bēn dēn káhi baray

bāgas phōlmo ambaray  
chāvāni vājām bōmburay  
gām sārī poshan ambaray—

barbukā chas gāmaç baray  
astam baray māray baray  
yina cāni shādī kēcāh baray—

The poet is suffering from the fever of love,  
 There's no cure save (the wine of)  
     Love's embrace;  
 O *Saki*<sup>1</sup>, let me have a draught (of the wine).

## 79

Thou hast caught me in the noose, Love  
 Thou art my only solace.

Thou throwest thine eyelashes at me,  
 How can I bear the agony, Love?  
 Thou hast turned my noonday into dusk.

A blight has befallen my jasmine body.  
 Since thou hast gone away, humming by;  
 O Wasp-bee, thou hast stung me too pitilessly.

## 80

Thou hast filled me with a yearning, Love,  
 Without thee how shall I fill my days?

My garden is in full bloom,  
 Wafting its rich fragrance abroad.  
 I invited my Bee to enjoy the bloom,  
 He did not come, and  
 The flowers lie in an idle heap.

I am in my very prime,  
 Voluptuous and ripe for love.  
 O come, for thee a lambkin I'll kill;  
 O the joy that will be mine when thou wilt come!

---

1. Cup-bearer, beloved.

roshi vōlā posh ho bo lāgay  
gosh thāvtam vanāyo bo zārī

yēmbarzal chas<sup>1</sup> khumāra bārith  
sharmi sātī kār bōnkun thāvith  
harna gayi dar jaṅgal mārith  
mārī āsī<sup>2</sup> cāni cāshe-khumārī

\* \* \* \*

yār gomay Pāmpārī vate  
kōṅṅa poshav rōṭ nālamate  
su chu tate bo chas yēte  
Barsāhibo karāna<sup>3</sup> bo zārī

Mohmūd Gāmi

lāj phulay bādaman  
yār kaman gom mōtuy  
roshi kārImas poshi caman  
dēva yiyām pōtuy  
hāy pēyam yēmbarzalan  
yār kaman gom mōtuy...

Come Love, heed my wailings,  
I adore thee.

I am a narcissus, in full bloom,  
For modesty I cannot tell my love.  
Like a gazelle I roamed the wilds,  
Till thy wanton eyes enthralled my heart.

\* \* \* \*

My Love took the road to Pampore, where  
Saffron flowers locked him in their embrace.  
He is there, and ah me! I am here—  
Have I not cause to lament, my God?

Almond blossom is everywhere,  
But where's my Love?  
On whom has he set his heart?  
I laid flower-beds for Love,  
I hoped he would come back to me;  
But he did not come and  
My daffodils withered away.  
Where's my Love  
When almond trees are in bloom?



86

83

Lāj phulay kohādāmaṇaṇ  
bādām drāy nānī  
grāy kār tāml yāvaṇaṇ  
shēchi vaninam kavaṇaṇ  
kan thāvinā grāvaṇaṇ  
bādām drāy nānī

84

bahāra phulayā phōjī sabazāran  
kava zāna yāran tār kyāh gāyi  
sōnan jāy rāt aṇdmazāran  
tātī-bōna yāran nēndaṇ pēyi  
tim chi tati āsī yēti chi prāran ...

85

tas rōs madanas mēti kyāh provuy  
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye  
āyīna ḍabi myāni dāntuv zoluy  
kukilav yūrhas oluy-ye  
tas na madanas kānsi tiy bovuy,  
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye

## 83

All hill-sides are in bloom  
 And almond blossom is everywhere.  
 I heard a crow whisper to me :  
 "Thy Love hast fled from thee  
 When spring is abroad and thou art in  
 prime."  
 Have I not cause to grieve,  
 And should he not heed my plaint  
 When hill-sides are in bloom  
 When almond blossom is everywhere ?

## 84

The fields are green again in the spring ;  
 Why should our friends be so late to come ?  
 In far-off graveyards the iris is in bloom,  
 It is there our friends have gone to sleep.  
 They are there and, ah me ! we are here—  
 waiting for them.

## 85

What am I worth now that my Love is  
 away ?  
 Have I given away my heart in vain ?  
 My ( body is a ) balcony with glass-panes  
 and ivory eaves,  
 Where turtle-doves have woven their nest,  
 (And filled it with amorous cooing for Love),  
 But alas ! he does not know and keeps away.

kyah karā rūdum su vanāṇay pherān  
 sorān chumno āḍanuk sreh  
 kukilā āśas thari ol yerān  
 sontaci vuzamali gāḍnam reh  
 zulfake grāyi satl gyūr chum gerān  
 sorān chumno āḍanuk sreh

dūri rūdum aṇdūri vantay  
 vantay vēsl yiyināsan  
 dūri dōpnam gaḥavo vantay  
 cūri rūdum maṇz lāsan  
 mūri nār chum kāhl lalāvantay  
 vantay vēsl yiyināsan

vanta kavay dūri rūdum  
 yānl mē molum tūri cāndun  
 dōbl-vāṇa cholum tā chokum  
 krūth pyom yāṛadod  
 chaḷa-chōkh nāḥakay rāvam

## 86

He keeps away, roaming the woods, ah me!  
 What can abate the ardour of my youth?  
 I was a *kukil* weaving my nest on a bough,  
 unconcerned.

When, in the springtime, lightning lit up  
 a flame in me,  
 And the curl of his locks whirled me in  
 the eddy of love.

What can abate the ardour of my youth?

## 87

He held aloof, 'mid distant woods,  
 Say friend, will he not come?  
 He cried to me, "Let's to the woods";  
 But he is fled far away<sup>1</sup> from me,  
 And my bosom is burning with the fire  
 of love.

Say friend, will he not come?

## 88

Say friend. why he kept away  
 When I, a budding maiden, had bathed me  
 in sandal-oil?

At the wash-house I washed and rinsed  
 my clothes.

See how pitiless and cruel he was!

He did not come,

And all my washing and rinsing was in  
 vain.

---

1. Lit. to far-off Lhasa.

## 89

völa myāni rindo  
 çe patə drāyas gindāne  
 nāvas lagay bo  
 hāvasə-zuv chas vandāne  
 vatə chas vuchān  
 çe patə rāvəm nēndar tə neh  
 hāvtam didār  
 bo dūrərə cāni chas galāne

—Haba Khotūn.

## 90

gaçtə hay vəsI lola tahənde  
 chamnə nēndar tə neh  
 kəçəzūn zan kəjI bo gājnas  
 vuchtə tās mā sreh  
 bāli prachām lolə həkI-mas  
 kyāh chu yēlāj mə  
 torə dōpnam çeđ çe karəni  
 khūni-jigar cə  
 yām vuchim zuluf tahəndI  
 shām sapud mə  
 lāni çūran vuna vājim  
 kuni ām na neh

## 91

hā matay hārI-ye matay  
 tas yāras patay rāvəm nēndar tə neh  
 chōkh yārI loynam kartəji khatay  
 chōkənaş yēlāj lōbum nə kēnh  
 chas chōkəlad lāras yāras patay  
 tas yāras patay rāvəm nēndar tə neh

## 89

Come, my Hedonist,  
 I came out to sport with thee.  
 Thy very name I adore,  
 I offer my dear life to thee,  
 I keep gazing at thy path,  
 I've lost all sleep and rest for thee.  
 O come,  
 Thine absence is wasting me.

## 90

Go to him, my friend,  
 For Love I have no sleep nor rest.  
 Like the pale wan moon, I am wasting away,  
 See, he does not requite my love.  
 I said to my Love,  
 "Physician, what's the cure for me?"  
 "No cure, thou must suffer," he said;  
 "Thou must suck thy heart's blood".  
 Since I saw his long black locks  
 I've been overwhelmed with gloom;  
 My thoughts are in a whirl,  
 And I do not find any rest.

## 91

Come, O come, Myna dear:  
 I have lost all sleep and rest,  
 I have found no balm for the wounds of love.  
 Wounded and stricken am I,  
 Yet must I pursue my Love,  
 For I have lost all sleep and rest.

mati shīnzan galayo  
 balayo cāne yinay  
 chañjām sārI jangalayo  
 yita yūrI dēva balayo  
 yikhnatay sūrho malayo  
 balayo cāne yinay

bā ti no durēr con zaray  
 bāl marāyo marāyo

chum khafa<sup>1</sup> lāray patā  
 lāyay bronṭhanālas thaph  
 dāmāṇa raṭay mahsharay....

sharmaṇḍa thāvthas āphtābo  
 kārtikāc zūn  
 kājI cāni gājis lājsa daray....

hāriñji bumbā cāni  
 lāyān rumarumay tīr  
 vāliñji kārI-nam pañjiray....

Love, I waste away like melting snow,  
 I can recover only if thou wilt come.  
 I have scanned the woods in quest of  
 thee ;  
 If thou wilt come, I may revive,  
 Or else, I'll despair and die.

I shall die through thy neglect, Love ;  
 I cannot bear separation from thee.

I cannot rest ;  
 I must pursue thee,  
 I must hold thee fast by the collar of thy robe ;  
 Canst thou escape me at the Judgement-day ?

I am the *Katik'* moon,  
 Thou art my Sun.  
 Yearning for thee, I have waned ;  
 I wait expectantly for thee.

Thy brows, "bended bows",  
 Dart arrows every moment at me  
 And make a lattice of my heart,  
 Piercing numberless holes in it.



bo sharmi gājis shar mē gomo  
kar mē zonum hāy  
az kōr mē karmālon, saray....

yēth lolābāgas zakhmi dīl gul  
sarvā chu myon āh  
ashivāni sātī joyi phiray....

hēsā vēsarāvthas mārāmatyo  
vēsā kamū chay  
timā chā myāni khōṭa sōndaray....

—Rasul Mīr.

bulbul phirākavānī dyū gulan  
antan su madanvār

khumār kyā chus yēmbārzalan  
harnan karān shikār  
shikāra tāhānde jaṅgal alan....

rāh kyā lōdnām mē gāphīlan  
bozān chum no zār  
mārī āsī tamī-sāndī tagophulan....

subuh āv tay nūr ho phōlan  
sārī chī vōmedvār  
nazāre tāhānde bemār balan....

For a long while I realized not  
 The pain and disgrace of unrequited love ;  
 But now I know fate has overtaken me.

In the garden of love the wounds of my  
 heart are the flowers,

And my sighs are the cypress,

With tears of mine I shall fill the garden  
 brooks.

Thou hast benumbed my senses, Love,

Who are thy friends ?

And are they lovelier than I ?

## 94

O lovelorn *bulbul*, scan the flowers,

And bring unto me my Love.

A glance shot from his eyes doth slay the deer,

How wanton are his eyes !

Forests quake, deer shake with fear

When ahunting he goes,

(with darts of love from his wanton eyes).

What has been my offence ?

Why doth he not heed my plaint ?

His indifference is a death agony to me.

The morn is come,

The rose of dawn is blown ; and

All are filled with hope.

My only hope is a kind glance

Shot from his wanton eyes.

bedardaḍ dādi cāni sūr ho sapadān  
sōy lay māṭṭhayo myāni yāro lo lo

silāh gañjām ālam ṇañjām  
gañjām sīṇa-sipāro  
har tāri āshkāne mẽ soz vāyāy  
suy soz mōṭhuyo myāni yāro lo lo

Mājnūn khaṇāv Nājdake bālo  
trāvān ashine ṇālo  
Lāl ho āyisay sōrmā ta sāzo  
thōd vōthu myāni mahārāzo lo lo

āyēs bo nīrith shokā cāne  
cārith vuchimay bumay  
mẽ koñchmay cẽ lógayo  
Rumārēshun āy  
dāy kāmI dyutāyo  
chay nā pherān māy

O Heartless One,  
 The fire of thy love is burning me,  
 And thou hast ceased to requite my love.  
 I girt on a sword  
 And a breastplate I donned,  
 I wandered about the world in search of  
     thee;  
 (But thou wert to be found nowhere, Love).  
 I tuned all my heartstrings for thee  
 And thou hast turned indifferent to the  
     tunes of my love.  
 For La'ila Majnūn climbed the hills of Nejd,  
 Shedding copious tears:  
 Thy La'ila has come bedecked herself to  
     thee,  
 Arise my Bridegroom,  
 Come out to meet thy bride.

I ran away from home to thee;  
 Thou didst knit thy brows  
 And spurn my love.  
 Who counselled thee to spurn my love?  
 Still did I pray: "Long mayest thou live!"

cham lādan laṭi aki yiyinā  
 haṭikuy vaṇḍasay rath  
 rāvi ādan pādan pēmosay  
 lati kava kārnam lath

vaṇakas vēsiye sōṇa cham gelān  
 yēṇa yārI trāvnam karānI kath  
 shēyi yār āsI-tan tūshtanī parāḷēn  
 toti cham vōṇḍasay sath

—Arnimāl

as may vēsI myon hyū kas gav  
 yēs gav masvali gōndur havāy  
 robākhāṇa bihthay dārI-cas ṭhas gom  
 zonum osh mā āṅgan ṇāv  
 yār nay ḍyūṭhum vālinji ṇas gom

## 97

I have a longing keen:  
 Were he to come but once,  
 I'd shed my life-blood for him.  
 I was a flowering creeper,  
 O why did he trample me under his foot?  
 Away from him, I fear me,  
 I'd droop and pine  
 and age in youth.  
 I would entreat him to come,  
 I would fall at his feet,  
 (I am so held in thrall).  
 My rivals laugh at me:  
 Friend, whom can I tell?  
 He is no longer on speaking terms with me.  
 Yet long may he live  
 and give joy to my rivals!  
 What sustains me is the thought  
 that he is happy and well.

## 98

Do not laugh at me, friend.  
 Who has been so miserable as I?  
 Drunk with the sensuousness of youth  
 And in my very prime,  
 I have been deserted by my Love,  
 Who is mad on someone else.  
 Waiting for him in the front parlour,  
 I heard a tapping at the window-pane,  
 Methought the loved One had entered my  
 courtyard;  
 It was not he, and  
 My heart within me sank.

sōṇa cham gelān kuni chum na melān  
parzēn satī chum khelānī

āshkādādi sūr gav parbatā shelan  
āshkacūr phōr balāvīrānī  
āshkādod hani hani tani chum telan

—Arnimāl

zār vantas hā vēsiy  
bāli rāh kyāh chumay  
ārārost gaçhith rūdum nishi parzēn  
nār gōṇḍanam yēna būzum  
nishi parzēn chumay  
taṇanay vēsi tamidādi chumṇa pakān an  
mē chu taṇanā bāli tāhuṇd  
nishi yār gōçhūmay

—Arnimāl

vōd ami kukile dil myon dōduy  
hā kāmyū riṇdī būz myon ku kū kū  
Lāli ta Majnunī nardas giṇduy  
trovun shash-paṇj pyos dukhāl  
Lāli huṇd hāvasa dāvas lōguy

## 99

I find him nowhere  
 And rivals mock at me—  
 He is sporting with someone else.  
 The fire of love burns mountain rocks to  
 ashes ;  
 The thief of love rifles the brave ;  
 Every limb of mine smarts with the pain  
 of love.

## 100

Convey to him my lamentations, friend ;  
 What is my sin ?  
 The Cruel One sports with my rivals ;  
 And envy burns my bosom.  
 O the pain it gives me !  
 I cannot eat nor drink.  
 I deeply yearn for Love ;  
 Would that he were beside me !

## 101

The *kukil*<sup>1</sup> wailed :  
 " Out of the fullness of love's agony I sang,  
 The Reckless One heard my *ku ku ku*<sup>2</sup>  
 But did not care."

La'ila and Majnūn played at dice—  
 She threw six-and-five but scored only a two.  
 She had staked her heart—and he won.

---

1. Turtle-dove 2. Coo Coo.



## 102

vuch tą vəsI yār myon çoluy  
yār day səthāh molałuy chum  
racām nāla tą vuchnam hóluy

## 102

hāy lātiy lolan gāymay mūri tay  
māti yəstə trāvnam pārīzān

taspatə āshəkh kəti gay mātiy  
parzən sətI chum dən kiho rāth  
kəhi zarə bo bāl mūhəniy pāmay zōratay

sətiy bëyi rūth buchnas yāriy  
yiyinā vōndi shar nerəm nā  
yim kāməki na zi rozān səriy  
māti yəstə trāvnam pārīzān

## 103

caməkān öbrətalə vuzəmalə zan drāv  
āyi grāyi çhəyigəti karān zan āv  
dothəphól kithə rūd nabənār barān  
gəgərāyi karān çól zan vāv  
nehəçəti anigəti mushnas shāman  
mə bāli thovnam suy āmətāv

103

See, friend, my Love has fled;  
I hold him dear, so dear;  
I would embrace him  
But he looked askance at me.

102

My heart has dried within me, friend,  
Since Love treats me distantly.  
  
Many are his lovers, mad on him;  
He sports with them all night and day—  
Can I endure envy's slow-consuming fire?  
  
He was angry with me, again, so soon.  
O I have been mauled by Love!  
Will he not come?  
Will my cravings not be stilled?  
These loved Ones are never constant in love.

103

He shone forth like lightning from under  
the clouds;  
He came and went and came and went away.  
He came like hail-stone raining down the rage  
of the skies,  
And he went thundering by as the storm  
sweeps.  
Amid the "torrent of darkness" he left me,  
Young in years, to suffer the agony of love.

104

104

agnā gagana gayi gagarāyi  
nabā mañṣa nāra vuzamala drāyi  
antan pī antan pī

āṅgan sānī phōjmaç hī  
çaṭith lāgas sheri  
antan pī antan pī

105

rātas osum lava zan lārith  
subahas prāvi kēṭha trāvith gom  
babare caman ashi saganāvith  
āshimót kavā pashināvith gom  
savāl kārI-tos hiy gaçhi chāvith

106

yānI hūri mē ṭūri çandun mōlūmay  
tāmat çolūmay yār vēsī  
dapyom āgas bo roshi zāgas  
lāgas bo sheri hī  
vōndakis bāgas poshāh pholūmay  
tāmat çolūmay yār vēsī

—Arnimāl

## 104

Fiery thunders burst in the heavens,  
 And lightnings flashed across the sky;  
 Go, find me my Love.

My jasmine<sup>1</sup> is in bloom,  
 I would crown him with a jasmine-wreath;  
 Go, find me my Love.

## 105

All night long he was with me  
 Like dew on a flower;  
 The sun rose in the morning and he fled.  
 And since my wanton Love is fled,  
 Leaving me woe-begone,  
 I have watered my basil breasts with tears;  
 Will he not come and  
 Enjoy my jasmine-body?

## 106

Hardly had I, a budded houri,  
 Bathed me in sandal-oil,  
 When Love did flee from me, O friend.  
 Methought I would lie in wait for my lord  
 With Jasmine to crown his head—  
 In the garden of my heart,  
 A rare flower had bloomed  
 When Love did flee from me, O friend.

---

1. Lit. The Jasmine in our courtyard

arI-ni raṅg gom shrāvaṇI hiye  
kar yiye darshun diye

ShamaśōṇḍarI pāman lājis  
āmaṭāvav kotāh gājis  
nāmaṭpāgāma tas kus niye  
kar yiye darshun diye

kaṇḍa nābaḍa āradmutuy  
phaṇḍa karith çolum kōtuy  
khaṇḍa kārI-nam lūkan thiye  
kar yiye darshun diye

suli vōthav saṅgarmālan  
lāḷa çhāron kohan tā bālan  
prārān chas bo taḥanze praye'  
kar yiye darshun diye.

—Arnimāl

aḍa kar yiyamtay  
baraṣay maḷarēv maḷarēv  
cēyināsan mas cāvināsan mas

kami sōni hāvnas tan  
kāli hay vuhuvnam  
pēṭh saṅgaran

I was a full-blown Jasmine ; pining  
 For Love I turned as pale as the *arni* rose ;  
 When will my Love come to me ?

He exposed me to people's taunts,  
 He scorched me with the burns of love ;  
 Who can tell him what I feel ?  
 And will he come to me ?

I offered him sugar-loaf and candy sweet,  
 He enticed my heart and fled.

O wither is he gone ?

In the presence of strangers he mocked at me,  
 And will he come to me ?

Let's arise while it is early dawn,  
 And seek my Love

On hills and mountains high ;

I wait expectantly for him,  
 When will he come to me ?

When will my Love come to me ?  
 I will fill pitcher on pitcher with wine :  
 Will he not drink to me ?  
 Will he not let me drink to him ?

Up on the hill-side, the other day,  
 He spoke harsh words to me—  
 On whom has he set his eyes ?  
 Whose beauty has beivited his heart ?

## 108

hali chus khañjar tay  
 tīr hay läynam  
 poshi pañjiran

## 109

padmāni adā kar yiyam tay  
 vadaṇas chum na çhēn  
 ōsh chas trāvān çāle çāle  
 mashi kar cham trahan  
 lashi nāra zājnas  
 myūlum ōsh tá an.

—Arnimāl

## 110

hā çhāla vēsī bo ti nay çālay  
 hālay halay añI-ton yār  
 lolaki bāzāra niyīnam dālay  
 masachiv yār myon yūrl añI-ton  
 ōlfata vājnas zulfata khālay  
 hālay hālay añI-ton yār

He has shot countless darts of love  
 at my frail flowery breasts;  
 Will he not come to me?

## 109

A *Padmani*<sup>1</sup> am I, yearning for Love,  
 When will he come to me?  
 My tears flow fast,  
 My longing is keen,  
 My anguish is deep;  
 And can I ever forget?  
 My love is a torch-wood flame  
 burning my inmost bosom  
 with its fiery leaping tongues.  
 My sorrow knows no end,  
 My tears know no break.

## 110

I will not endure his wantonnesses now,  
 Friend, bring him soon to me.  
 From the bazaar of love he fled,  
 (amid the crowded joys of love),  
 drunk with the sensuousness of youth  
 and heedless in his pride.  
 Love caught me in the meshes of his locks  
     and moles,  
 Friend, bring him soon to me.

---

1, A woman excelling in charms and character.



110

111

ruma ruma látiy kava chum mārānī  
karinā son pāy āyēs nīrith bo  
nehagaṭi çolmay Sēndavāva trāvith  
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

gari bāl drāyēs sāmāṇa prāvith  
kāmaṇī prārān lustum doh  
pāman lājnas gom tambālāvith  
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

—Arnimāl

112

dil hay nyūnam dyūṭhvan nāye  
shilā day mushnas rūd kath shāye  
gil zālā lāgith çolmay hāye  
parzēv kamavtānī dyut-has dāye  
shāch myānī vānī-tos yor pheri nāye  
dil hay nyūnam dyūṭhvan nāye

Friend, why does he want to kill me by inches?  
 Why does he not feel concerned for me?—  
 Counting no cost I left my home for him.  
 In the black gloom of night he was gone,  
     leaving me alone to brave the wintry  
     winds of the Sindh<sup>1</sup>!  
 Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

I left my home for him,  
     bedecked and full of charms,  
 And, full of yearning,  
     I waited for him the livelong day;  
 But he had enticed my heart and was gone,  
     leaving me alone to bear people's taunts.  
 Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

Have you not seen him  
 Who stole my heart?  
 He has robbed me of my heart—  
 Oh, where is he gone?  
 Like a tern he caught me in his net—  
 And he is gone, ah me!  
 Who has poisoned his ears against me?  
 Will you not tell him how miserable I am  
 and make him come back to me?

---

1. A tributary of the Jhelum flowing through snowy mountains.

112

113

haçi lómnam nëndari haçi maçi  
maçi maçaḇaṇḁ s̃anith gom  
s̃on nyūnam raçi raçi  
vunyūb k̃arith gom  
vanta ṽesI ṽonI kus kas paçi

—(Arnimāl)

114

yār day lâtiye çhāṇḁon kate  
bo mate taḥande gari drāyaso  
trāvith çòlamay mẽ maṇz vate  
vuch t̃a ṽesI tas yārasuṇḁuy khōy  
yār nay deshan p̃an m̃ara bote

115

ṽesI paçh nay taḥand̃en kolan  
lolan muhI-tay phirI-to-ne  
ỹeth bavaṣaraṣay keṇh nay tolan  
ỹani ph̃olI thar̃en gul t̃anI baraḡay  
s̃ōṇdar m̃a galan ta gōṇdar m̃a ḡolan  
lolan muhI-tay phirI-to-ne

—Arnimāl

113

113

He pulled me by the wrist in my sleep,  
And my bracelet pierced my arm.  
He robbed me of all my gold  
And left me, distraught and wild.  
Say friend, whom can one trust?

114

Where shall we seek my Love, friend?  
I left my home and hearth for him.  
He has deserted me  
ere half my life's journey is done;  
See friend, how faithless he is!  
If I do not find him, shall I not slay myself?

115

Friend, give no credit to his vows;  
He ravished my heart and fled.  
O can you win him back to me?  
What endures in this fleeting world of ours?  
As soon as flowers blossom, they fade away.  
If lovely maidens died,  
Who would care for handsome youths?

114

116

gāh sapadān trām ta gāh sapadan lōy  
be-kolan sātī thāvī-zina khōy  
pata pata karyāmas yānī mē chōtum mōy  
hatagōr yār myon kath gare gav  
shām chus zuluph tay subah yarasunduy rōy  
be-kolan sātī thāvī-zina khōy

117

sañzarāḥ mañzvati trāvnas shāman  
khāman sātī no thāvī-zina khōy  
barbuka āyēs cākh dima jāman  
guli-andāman khōtnam rōy  
kyāh kara lājnas lolācan ta pāman

—Arnimāl

118

vuchta vēsī kahānde bo zāyēs  
bāgaṇi āyēs kahānde tām  
doha aki mālī-māji naḡra harshāyēs  
shāharāc āsas vāḡas gām  
sati dohī phīrith mālinēv anyāyēs  
bāgaṇi āyēs kahānde tām

Now they become copper,  
 Now they become bronze;  
 Have nothing to do with those who break  
     their vows.

I followed him till my hair turned grey:  
 Which home has he chosen for the nonce—  
 This Visitor of a hundred homes,  
 This Inconstant Love?  
 His locks have the darkness of evening,  
 His face has the morning light.

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me forlorn,  
 Have nothing to do with the light of love.  
 My heart is bursting, my garments I'll rend,  
 My Rose has hid his face from me.  
 Ah me! I am become an object of taunts  
     and scorn.

See friend, where I was born  
     and where I was married!  
 My parents celebrated my marriage  
     in the city with great eclat:  
 City-born and bred,  
     into the country I was married; but  
     widowed only seven days after,  
     my parents had to call me back.  
 See friend, where I was married!

dohā aki shrehaṣān<sup>1</sup> mālyun gayāyēs  
 dekābaji kākaṇi diṇnam pām  
 dēkaṛaṇ zēvunuy koṇa mōyāyēs  
 bāgaṇi āyēs kaḥaṇde tām

## 119

kyā vaṇayo mati kyā vaṇayo  
 yī gom pānas ta tī vaṇayo  
 lānyun nyāy chum ta tī vaṇayo  
 kyā vaṇayo mati kyā vaṇayo

bāgas myānis bādām phulayā  
 ādanaṇ rāvaṣ ta tī vaṇayo  
 kyā vaṇayo mati kyā vaṇayo

bāgas myānis ṇeṇa phulayā  
 veri cāni phōjma ta tī vaṇayo....  
 bāgas myānis gilāṣa phulayā  
 dilāṣa diṭṭhamā ta tī vaṇayo....  
 bāgas myānis taṇṇa phulayā  
 laṇṇa laṇṇa phōjṣa ta tī vaṇayo.

Once I went to my father's home,  
 There my brother's wife<sup>1</sup> taunted me  
     so bitinglly that  
     widowed as I was, I wished  
     I had died as soon as I was born.  
 See friend, where I was married!

## 119

Can I tell thee, Love, can I?  
 Can I tell thee what I suffer?  
 I suffer the 'abysmal anguish' of Fate';  
 Can I find utterance for my grief?  
*Can I tell thee, Love, can I?*  
 In the garden (of my heart)  
 Hardly had the almond-tree (of love)  
     blossomed out  
 When Death "parted me from Love's caress,"  
 And the blossom of love was lost for ever.  
*Can I tell thee, Love, can I?*

'In the garden (of my heart)—  
 Did the apricot-tree (of love) blossom out  
 tended and watered by thee?  
 Did the cherry (of love) blossom out  
 fondly caressed by thee?  
 Did the pear-tree (of love) blossom out  
 in flambeaux of bloom?  
*Can I tell thee, Love, can I?*

1. Lit. wife of a rich and fortunate brother.

1. Lit. I have a quarrel with my fate!

I am enmeshed in the tangled web of fate.



bāgas myānis ālica phulaya  
lolaci karitham ta ti vanayo  
kyā vanayo mati kyā vanayo

---

In the garden (of my heart)  
The plum (of love) was in the flush of bloom  
When Fate mocked at me,  
(And thou wast gone for ever),  
And a blight befell the bloom of love.  
*Can I tell thee, Love, can I?*

---

## PART III

## 120\*

vóthu' hā bāgvāno  
 nav bahāruk shān paidā kar  
 phōlan gul gath karan bulbul  
 tithuy sāman paidā kar  
 caman vairān rivān shabnam  
 çatith jāma paraishān gul  
 gulan tay bulbulan andar  
 dubārah jān paidā kar  
 karī kus bulbulā āzād  
 pañjiras mañz çā nālān chukh  
 çā panāne dastā panānēn  
 mushkilañ āsān paidā kar  
 chi bāgas jāṇawar bolān  
 magar āvāz chakh byōn byōn  
 tihīndis ālavas yā Rab  
 asar yēkhsān paidā kar  
 agar vuzānāvāhan bāstī gulan hānz  
 trāv zīr-o bam  
 bunyul kar vāv kar gagarāy kar  
 tuphān paidā kar

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

## PART III

Arise, O Gardener !

Let there be a glory in the garden  
once again !

Let roses bloom again !

Let *bulbuls* sing of their love again !

The garden in ruins,

the dew in tears,

the rose in tattered leaf—

Let roses and *bulbuls* be kindled anew with life!

Thy wailings avail thee not, O *bulbul*,

Who will set thee free ?

Thy salvation thou hast to work  
with thine own hands alone.

Birds of the garden are full of song

but each one strikes his own note—

Harmonize their diverse notes, O God,  
into one rousing song !

If thou wouldst rouse this habitat of roses,  
leave toying with kettle-drums ;

Let there be thunder, storm and tempest,  
yea, an earthquake !

bulbul vanan chu poshan  
gulshan vatan chu sonuy

yēth sāni raṅḡa vāre  
phóll posh vāri vāre  
khōsh-bo tihānz çöpāre....

lājmaç phulay chē poshan  
bāgan vanan t̄a goshan  
bulbul vuchit chi toshan....

virI-kimI t̄a t̄ekābatane  
suli āy jāy raṭane  
lāgI t̄ūrI jāma çatane...

sōmbul vanān bunaphshas  
rūzith çā çhāyi chukh kas  
van trāv bāg kun vas...

nāgan kōlan t̄a āran  
joyan t̄a ābshāran  
dyut soz navbahāran....

bāgan kohan t̄a bālan  
nāran nayan t̄a nālan  
kam raṅḡ gul chi khālan....

andI andI saphed saṅgar  
devār saṅḡ-i-marmar  
maṅz bāg sabz gavhar...

## 121

The *Bulbul* sings to the flower :  
 "Our country is a garden."

In this our lovely garden  
 Flowers bloom and bloom,  
 Wafting abroad their fragrance.

See the flush of bloom  
 In orchards, woods and glades :  
 The *Bulbul* gazes fondly  
 And has his thrill of joy.

*Virkim*<sup>1</sup> and *tekabatane*<sup>2</sup>  
 Have early come to bloom,  
 And buds are bursting everywhere.

The hyacinth says to the violet :  
 "Why dost thou hide thyself ?  
 Leave the wooded highlands,  
 Come down to the fields below."

The spring has filled with symphony  
 Fountains and brooks and hill-streams,  
 Rills and waterfalls.

To fields, hills and open wolds,  
 To hollows, glens and meads—  
 What glow imparts the bloom !

On all sides pinnacles of snow  
 Like marble ramparts stand  
 Around a green emerald.

---

1. A sweet-smelling yellow flower which appears in early spring and is found on the high plateau of the valley—colchicum.  
 2. a kind of marcissus.

bulbul karān gulan gath  
bómbur yëmbarzalan path  
kāshirī chi mast mascath....

Mahjūrā des sonuy  
bāgāh chu nuñdābonuy  
ath lol gaçhi baronuy

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

### 122\*

poshivana bāgac poshağöndârī-ye  
grasī-kūrī nāznīn söndârī-ye  
sörgaç Hīmāl Kāfac pârī-ye....

āzād vanaci poshethârī-ye  
maşka-satī tūrī kāmī bârī-ye  
sathraṅg bakshī kāmī raṅgârī-ye....

syódsāda jāma chuy shāmaşöndârī-ye  
na zi chuy goṭa nay zârī-ye  
kāça-zūni zan chiy kâla-öbrakī ṭhârī-ye....

vanavani drāyakh pëth thazarī-ye  
viginëv shābāsh kârī-ye  
caṅgaşāz vāyān chakhay didârī-ye....

çe ta khöji-bāyan chā barābârī-ye  
çe gulan satī dilbârī-ye  
khöji-bāyi trôparith dārëṭabârī-ye...

---

\*The poem has been published in the original under the title,  
A Country Less.

The *Bulbul* dotes on roses,  
 On narcissus the bee,  
 Drunk with the joy of his nativeland  
 Is the Kashmiri.

Our nativeland, O Mahjūr,  
 Is verily a lovely garden.  
 We must love it dearly,  
 We all must love it dearly.

## 122

Thou Bouquet of meadow flowers,  
 O country lass, O sweet, O dear!  
 Thou Hīmāl<sup>1</sup> of Heaven, thou fairy from Kāf<sup>2</sup>!  
 Thou flowering creeper of the open wolds,  
 Who has filled thy buds with fragrance keen?  
 Who has given thee thy colours divine?  
 Thy clothes are plain, O lovely loss,  
 They have no lace nor frill of gold.  
 Thy wayward locks of hair are like  
 Black clouds that veil the *Katik*<sup>3</sup> moon.  
 Singing thou roamest the uplands above,  
 And fairies thee applaud:  
 Like the *didar* lark thou singest.  
 Can *Khoja*<sup>4</sup> women match thee?  
 Thou roamest free among flowers:  
*Khoja* women lie confined indoors.

---

1. Famous for her beauty in Kashmiri legend. 2. Caucasus.  
 3. October-November. 4. Muslim ladies of the upper classes.



hayihāki ābā chay cashmā bārI-bārI-ye  
 gārtac chay dilāvārI-ye  
 sharmi cāni hūrav tāriph kārI-ye...

daji pēth vuchmakh thōd lādith nārI-ye  
 lo lo karān lo-lārI-ye  
 nari mā losay çūr kārI-kārI-ye...

guma-haçā shūban buma-vañjārI-ye  
 chē karān gārath garI-ye  
 hēsi mā rāvay mas-malārI-ye...

bulhavas may lāg gul-pākārI-ye  
 āluçh yuth nay āvārI-ye  
 cikacāv panunuy yinā rāvārI-ye

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

### \*123

kar çā phōlāham tå lo gulābo lo  
 shar mē çalihēm tå lo gulābo lo  
 vāri husnāci nav bahāras mañz  
 kar çā phōlāham tå lo gulābo lo  
 thari bāgas lolākēn camañan  
 maşhk malāham tå lo gulābo lo  
 guli lālas nazākī sāzā  
 dāg çalihēm tå lo gulābo lo

---

\*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

Thy looks bespeak modesty;  
 Thy honour gives thee unfailing strength;  
 Thy bashfulness wins thee fairies' applause.

I see thee, thy sleeves rolled up,  
 weeding the cornfield<sup>1</sup>, and  
 singing amorously.

Thy brows bejewelled with beads of sweat,  
 Bewitch our hearts;  
 Thou Pitcher of Wine, I fear me,  
 Thou scatterest my wits away.

Be fast in faith, O lovely Rose,  
 Let not langour or pride of charms  
 Come in thy way of enjoying youth.

## 123

When wilt thou bloom, O Rose?  
 When wilt thou fulfil my heart's desire?  
 When wilt thou bloom, O Rose,  
 In the garden of my beauty  
 at the flowering time of youth?  
 When wilt thou waft thy fragrant breath  
 over the flower-beds of my desire?  
 In the red poppy of my heart.  
 there is a dark stain of despair:  
 When wilt thou wipe the stain  
 from the red poppy of my heart?

---

1. Lit. Art thou not tired with weeding the fields?

āshkapecān nāzanīn sarvas  
 pān valāham tā lo gulābo lo  
 yēth jīsmas tā ruḥaṣay yēkhsān  
 titha ralaḥam tā lo gulābo lo

—Asad Ullah Mīr

çe begāna loguth bo devāna conuy  
 çe parvā na myonuy bo parvāna conuy  
 ça phōrmān kartam bo phōrmān conuy  
 phiraynā bo zāh-ti jānāna conuy  
 kārām āshkanis maikadas maigusārī  
 ba-gardish vuchum cāshmi-paimāna conuy  
 muçar kuñz kulfan ça karu vāsha zulfan  
 yih sad-cāk dil myon chiyo shāna conuy  
 ça chukh pākḥ bātin Rasā-jāvidānī  
 chalan ahl-i zāhir chi dāmāna conuy

—Abdul Qudūs Rasā-javidānī.

I am a cypress, tall and lean:  
 O Rose, when wilt thou twine round me  
 thine ivy bonds of love?  
 My body craves for thee and  
 so doth my soul:  
 I would, O Rose, thou didst make  
 thy body and soul one with mine!

I love thee dearly: thou disregardest me.  
 I flee<sup>1</sup> to thee: thou flee'st from me.  
 What wouldst thou? Command, I will obey;  
 Thy bidding I will do.  
 I drank my fill at the tavern of love:  
 I found thy wanton eyes bedew the cups  
     of wine.  
 Unplait thy tresses lovely;  
 Rent into a hundred toothed rents  
 (by the keen darts of love),  
 My heart will serve thee for a comb.  
 Thy heart is pure, O poet,  
 What carest thou if they speak ill of thee?

---

1. Lit. as a moth doth to the candle-flame.

bāli çā vantaṭ dilbaras  
 vāḍa panun vōfa kare  
 trāvi malālā hāvi rōy  
 thāvi kadam kathā kare

vasmaṭ kārith khañjar bumban  
 çāv ba-nāz dar caman  
 yāmbarżalan ta bādaman  
 phazaḷ panun Khōdā kare

raham ta ār chā yiman  
 saṅgdilan ta zālīman  
 zāni Khōdā kaman kaman  
 māñzi naman phidā kare

ami aṅdāza āy sanam  
 tul maṭ nikāb çā dam-badam  
 baṅḍa paran sanam sanam  
 kābila ta K'abā kyāh kare

Azādas chu lolāzar  
 tashnaṭ çe thovathan agar  
 vuchtaṭ su ālāmas aṅdar  
 tāza kayāmathāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azād

Friend, plead with my Love :  
 "May he keep his word,  
 forgive my offence,  
 come to me,  
 stay awhile and  
 talk to me!"

See how airily he comes into the garden,  
 his arched eyebrows dyed!  
 God help the poor narcissi—  
 fair damsels almond eyed!

Mercy and pity they have none—  
 these cruel and pitiless ones.  
 God knows how many hearts he sets on fire  
 with the henna flame of his finger-tips.

Lift not thy veil so wantonly  
 (let not thy glory be seen);  
 Lovers will cry, "O Love! O Love!"  
 forgetting both God and world.

The fever of love consumes Azād ;  
 And if thou dost not fulfil his desire,  
 He will raise a hell,  
 regardless of all restraint.

bālī su hay chu be-vōfā  
 myon amār kyāh kare  
 sorāṇanis mōhabatas  
 zor tā zār kyāh kare  
 nār yēmis hētun manas  
 vār ti chus nā vanānas  
 nālā dinas tā veh khēnas  
 vanta su ār kyāh kare  
 nāz chi vāri mañz calan  
 tāzā gulan tā sōmbulān  
 yāri vanan tā rāyilan  
 poh tā hār kyāh kare  
 neraḥ bo sīna dārī dārī  
 zindāpān mārī mārī  
 tīr-kamān cārī cārī  
 mīr shikār kyāh kare  
 poshi caman chi dar khumār  
 bādī sabā chu be-karār  
 nēndrihatēn aṇdar bēdar  
 ākharkār kyāh kare  
 Azādas chu lolātab  
 bālī hurān chu roz-u-shab  
 zāni Khōdā su tashnālab  
 lolābēmār kyāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azad

All vain is my love :  
 He is faithless,  
 His ardour is abating;  
 All vain is my lamentation.

My heart is on fire :  
 Can love be told ?  
 But shall I not cry,  
 Shall I not slay myself ?

The new-blown rose and the hyacinth  
 need tending in the garden :  
 Be it the heat of *Har* or the frost of *Poh*,  
 what cares the Himalayan spruce ?

I'll go forth, my bosom bared,  
 prepared to die:  
 What care I how tensely-drawn  
 is the bow of the archer of love ?

The morning breeze is restless, but  
 the flowers are dozing in the garden:  
 All vain is love's restlessness  
 where there is no response.

The fire of love burns Azād  
 all day and night;  
 God knows what he, athirst for love,  
 may do, out of despair !



yāṛadāde yāç dōvum  
 tāpay dōdum tālyun vēsī  
 hāṛamāsay Lāṛa āyēs'  
 kōt lājis Shālyun vēsī

suli vile gari drāyēs  
 Tulamulice mālāye'  
 Lasajanay dōh mẽ lūsum  
 buthi pyom Shālyun vēsī

shā ta dāh sāmāna parith  
 çhētā kārnas vētā bāl  
 nāhākay vāriv bo āyēs  
 gom kōt mālyun vēsī

pōñ āsith yēkh baneyēs  
 zambāvāṛaki chambā bo  
 yēkhakhānas kar pēyam vōñ  
 tāph rēṭākālyun vēsī

yī vōvum tay tī bōvum  
 nāhākay dōvum ðorēn dajēn  
 piṅga vāvī vāvī soṅṭa  
 hardas shol chā lonan vēsī

---

\* Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

1. Var. harl-masay Larl-pasay. 2. Var. Tulamule suli drayes  
 Kakaporaca malaye

Far and wide I roamed for Love:  
 In the blazing July sun  
 I left the cool comfort of Lār<sup>1</sup>,  
 I strayed into the Shālyun<sup>2</sup> waste.

At early dawn I left my home  
 drawn out by love of God.<sup>3</sup>  
 Not far from home<sup>4</sup>, my path grew dark,  
 Desolation<sup>5</sup> stared me in the face.

Rich in youth and charms and gifts<sup>6</sup>  
 I came to my husband's home;  
 My ardour cooled at his neglect—  
 O where is gone my father's home?

I was a merry brook,  
 flowing frolicsome and free;  
 But I froze at the glacier steep—  
 O when will the bright sunshine  
 thaw my icy captivity?

Whatever I sowed, I reaped:  
 All fruitless was my fret and fume.  
 Whoever sows tares in the spring,  
 How can he in autumn reap the wheat?

---

1. A village, 16 miles to the north of Srinagar. 2. Till recently a waste tract to the south of Srinagar. 3. Lit. Tulamula, a sacred Hindu shrine. 4. Lit. at Lasajan, about five miles south of Srinagar. 5. Lit. Shalyun waste. 6. Lit. the usual sixteen ornaments.

aṇḍi kar dōkh kaṇḍi huṇḍuy  
 zaraḱotah zar ta josh  
 adōre maṇḍori lōdmuṭ  
 dār arkhālyun vēsī  
 dōr adōr bozun vēdōr  
 rozun chu pāzIkinI paṇanas  
 nār prath dāras chu  
 kāyur āsI-tan yā lyun vēsī  
 bavaṣaraḱis mēvazāras  
 bulbulan zāh ḱuh na phal  
 lolācav tas ālicav rōṭ  
 raṅg gōrdālyun vēsī

—Lachman Bhat Nāgām

māṛamati tārum kaṭhinēn tāran  
 prārān chasayo bāl  
 yitaṭa diṭa darshun ōsh chas hāran ..  
 vupa chum āṇḍari reh kava ḱhoran  
 zālith ḱani kāritham  
 kalaṭa pēṭha ḱhat kād lolāḱI nāran .....

ḱhēṇa yēṇa goham tanaṭ chas gājmaḱ  
 zūn zan dara lājmaḱ  
 ānI saṇḍI-pāṭhI chas vataṭpādI sāran....

hradayiki WōlārāḱI pamposh phōlImaṭI  
 bōmbaṛav vōlmut nāl  
 cānī pūzi kitI posh chas ḱhāran...

When will the miseries of the body end,  
and the fever and fret of life?  
This unsound mansion of the body  
is built of *arkhur*<sup>7</sup> wood.

Soft or hard—would it matter  
when the deeper truth be known?  
Fire burns all woods,  
*Lyun*<sup>8</sup> and *kayur* and all other kinds.

Of this world's orchard  
*Bulbul* tasted not the fruit:  
Disappointment turned his red cherry  
into the pale-yellow wild plum.

## 128

Lead me across the shoals of life, O Lord,  
I await Thy lead,  
O come! I cry, I weep.

The fire of Thy Love is burning me,  
Its fury has lapped me in flames,  
How can it now abate?

Away from Thee I wait and wane  
like the westering moon;  
Away from Thee I stumble and grope  
in the dark like the blind.

In the lake<sup>9</sup> of my heart, lotus has blossomed  
and bees are swarming;  
I am gathering the flowers of love  
to lay at Thy feet.

<sup>7</sup> A soft, thorny tree; fig. cactus.    <sup>8</sup> 'lyun' is hard to burn while *kayur*, blue pine, is easy to burn.  
<sup>9</sup> Lit. In the Wular of my heart. Wular is the biggest lake of Kashmir.

āraṇval hish chas barā zan gāmaç  
 garaḥkun drāmaç kal  
 yāvun çöl çêph diç lõkaçāran...

vānI-vānI vana-vana kunIzānI drāyas  
 çay paṭa saḥasañdI-pāṭhI  
 yāndrayi hūnI hēth paṭa-paṭa lāran....

maḍano az natā ada kar lalaṇvath  
 hraḍayuk vupḥavun praṅg  
 Sēndabaṭhi vatharay kulI-shēhjāran....

--Dayārām Gōñjū

## 129

suli phōlakhā gul-i āphtābo  
 saḡanāvath dōḍake ābo lo  
 con raṅg kāmI ḡamaṇay kōrmuṭ zard  
 tamī ḡamaḡkuy chuy tabaṭābo lo  
 chuy sīnas kami kīṇa ḡomuṭ dāḡ  
 kaṇa zardī chay harda bronṭh pemaç  
 barā ḡaḡḡanas chuy iztirābo lo  
 āphtāb votuy bar sar-i koh  
 daraḡ doh lōḡ kari kyā Wahābo lo

—Abdul Wahāb Hājīn

I have turned pale as the *arni-rose*,  
 My youth and charms are fled—  
 I long to come home to Thee.

In the bewildering jungle of world's allure-  
 ments,  
 I hunt Thee alone as a lion doth his prey  
 with the hounds of my senses in hot pursuit.

When, O when, shall I rock Thee  
 in the winged cradle of my heart?  
 When, O when shall I receive Thee  
 face to face, at the cool tryst of love<sup>1</sup>?

## 129

Thou hast blossomed early,  
 O Sunflower.  
 I will water thee with milk;  
 I will tend thee lovingly.  
 What sorrow has turned thee pale?  
 Dost thou too bear an anguished heart?  
 Dost thou too bear envy's dark stain?  
 Why hast thou turned pale  
     before autumn's inevitable decay?  
 Why dost thou "haste away so soon"?  
 The sun is about to set  
     behind the mountains of the west, and  
 The poet is growing anxious  
     for his journey on the morrow.

---

1. Lit. At a cool shady spot in the Sind Valley.

## 130\*

bāzI kārtham bāzIgāro  
 lõkacāro lo lo  
 be-vasā be-yetibāro...  
 thóvtham na yékhtiyāro  
 hāvItham sōṇakoh  
 vuchI mẽ tim az saṅgakhāro...  
 navi vuchmakh nav bahāro  
 hyāç mẽ poshān bo  
 gul chi vunI-kēn kändI ta khāro...  
 ādI osukh RāmbI-āro  
 yīṛavālān koh  
 chiý vóthān vunI-kēn gubāro....  
 ay Wahāb be-yetibāro  
 chuk ça mārān çoh  
 kharcī rāh kar keñh tayāro...

—Abdul Wahāb Hājin

## 131

vónum āran bá chus lāran  
 yi yāvun chum dōhan tāran  
 diluk taskīñ chus çhāran...  
 mẽ āgur trov chus doran  
 mẽ soz-o sāz chā moran  
 chu sāz-e zindagī āran....

\* Chronologically, it belongs to an earlier time.

## 130

O youth, thou hast deceived me :  
 Thou art a deceiver, and  
 "in faith never fast."  
 When I was young, thou didst make  
 mountains glitter like gold:  
 Now I am old, and  
 they are just rock and stone,  
 When I was young, thou didst make  
 flowers bloom in the springtime:  
 Now I am old, and  
 they are just thorn and weed.  
 Only the other day,  
 it was a mighty hill-torrent,  
 driving along boulders in its fury:  
 Soon the flood is past, and  
 its dry bed raises a cloud of dust.  
 O poet, thy life won't last,  
 Thy pleasures won't endure,  
 Think of thy long journey ahead.

## 131

The hill-stream goes a singing:  
 "I come dashing along  
 To find my haven of peace,  
 (While I am young and strong,  
 For youth will not endure.  
 "I gush forth from my source,  
 My flow doth not abate,  
 I feel a zest for life,  
 Life ever doth urge me on.



mě chā prārun mě chum· çhārun  
 kanēn pēṭh khūn-i dīl hārun  
 sukūñ nāyāb hushyāran....

mě khāmī cham javānī cham  
 karān ham ham bā chus bam bam  
 guhar paidā chu damdāran....

māhītas saṭI gaçh vāsil  
 diluk taskīñ banī hāsil  
 dil-e ārif guhar hāran....

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

## 132

thari posh ōn kati, kândī āsI mā vati  
 yora vónmas ora asān chum

tul khama hardakizora poshan,  
 khēyi dilan tas grāy  
 vód ālaman ati...

khōṭ pān poshan, byol phālis çāv,  
 hēçan vath  
 zulmāt mañz vati....

lāb zindaḡī poshan,  
 māshith gav byol dar zulmāt  
 shāh athachānI ati....

"I splash along my way,  
I strike the rocks, I bleed,  
I do not rest, I strive;  
Vigilance knows no rest.

"I am yet young and wild,  
I fret and fume and roar;  
It is the silent deep  
That bears the priceless pearl.

"In the ocean vast,  
One finds one's haven of peace."  
This is what Arif<sup>1</sup> says,  
These are his precious gems.

## 132

I said to the flower:

"Where dost thou come from?  
How dost thou crown the spray?  
And what thorns come in thy way?"  
The flower smiled and said nothing.

I said: 'In autumn cold cruel winds blow  
and scatter thy leaf;  
Thou dost strike the tent on thy unknown  
march with pangs of separation in thy heart;  
The whole world shares thy grief.

"Then thou dost hide thyself  
in a grain of seed, lying underground.  
Soon the sprout shoots forth,  
While the seed lies in the dark beneath,  
lying where kings are soon forgot.

---

1. The Poet's pen-name

hamsāyi poshas çhāy tay kändI,  
 zar t̥a jigaruk dāg  
 bāsIti yihay ati....

os gönci, sapun posh,  
 banyov mēv̥a, kārīn vīh,  
 prath raṅga çay āti,  
 yor̥a vōnmas or̥a asān chum

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

## 133

neri vēsiye lāl̥a m̥ā dūre  
 tamb̥alovnam hūre pān

māji zāyas khaṇḍa kōstūrī  
 āmī dōday dyutnam sag  
 yihōy pān goṃ rāh musāfire....

masvali bāgas doṭh pyom phulāye  
 çenū pāno bram samsār  
 laṅji hōchi tay mēv̥a kyuth nere...

drāyi kukilā hālī mādānas  
 sō chē karān Gū-vēṇḍa Gū<sup>1</sup>,  
 sō ti lājmaç vālāvāshi hure...

"But thou dost bloom and bringest light and joy  
among Shade and Thorn and Heartache—  
It's among them that thou must live.

"Thou wert a bud a moment ago,  
Thou art a flower now,  
And, a moment hence, thou wilt blossom  
out into fruit—

How many forms thou dost change,  
And yet behind all forms thou art the same!"  
The flower smiled and said nothing.

## 133

He has enticed a *houri's* heart—  
Come friend, let us run after him  
Lest he should fly away.

A mother's darling I was born,  
fed on milk and sweats:  
Now I am plodding on my dreary way,  
unfriended and alone,

A hailstorm blighted my garden bloom,  
It withered the blossom and fruit-tree  
boughs—

Illusive have been my hopes and joys—  
Can my withered boughs yield any fruit?

(I was) a *kukil* (who) flew forth in the fields,  
free and sweetly cooing,  
And lo! was entangled in a snare.

yārI loynam zāviji mūre  
 pūçi çotnam pātI ańzul  
 gachā mālyun su ti chum dūre....

yānI khāças yāvaṇaṇi gure  
 tānI zazarıy vólnam nāl  
 balāy zazarıs t̃a zazarini t̃are...

## 134

yim zār vaṇahas bardār  
 karsanaṇ su yār boze  
 yā tuli khañjar t̃a m̃are  
 na t̃a s̃āni shabā roze

mas dyutnam kalāvālan  
 chivārāvnaṣ akiy pyālan  
 chum dūri rūzith zālan  
 karsanaṇ davā soze

kyā mati gōy myon kīnay  
 ātashi bōrtham sīnay  
 āshakh kamisanaṇ dīnay  
 mārūn ravā roze

I am (helpless and disgraced like) a woman  
 Who is whipped with a stinging switch,  
 Whose headgear<sup>1</sup> is torn by her lord and love,  
 And who would in her parents' home  
     protection seek,  
 But it is far away and she can't go,  
 I was in the flower of my age  
 When decay entwined me with its withered  
     stem—  
 A curse upon premature decay and the cold  
     shivers it gives!

## 134\*

At his threshold my wailings I would utter,  
 O when will my Love listen to me?—  
 I would that he did slay me,  
 Or else requite my love.

The Brewer of love gave me a cup of wine,  
 A single cup made me delirious and drunken,  
 I could not contain myself for joy;  
 But now he keeps off and causes me pain—  
 O when will he give me another draught  
     of the wine of love?

Love, why art thou angry with me?  
 Thou hast filled my breast with the smart  
     of love.  
 Is it fair to let me suffer and die<sup>2</sup>?

---

1. Lit. Silk fringe of a part of headgear.

2. Lit. What religion allows the slaying of the lover?

\*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

bihith khalvath khānas  
 mushtākh pānay pānas  
 āshakh mañz vārānas  
 māshokh tanhā roze

bulbul bihith bā gul  
 mushtākh az gul bilkul  
 nay rozi bulbul tā nay gul  
 akh lolā kathāh roze

kyā mati kārītham sitam  
 Nāzim chu prārān yitam  
 chus tashnā darshun ditam  
 yīñ dam nā pagāh roze

—Abdul Ahad Nāzim

masvalan kiç dūr hēth  
 . drāmut bā chus bāzāriye  
 keñh vōḷālI keñh nīlI  
 keñh göläbI keñh anāriye  
 shūbarāviv dūrākan  
 husnas tā lolas çoh diyiv  
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv  
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

Alone, in a lonely tower,  
 The beloved sits, unconcerned for love;  
 While the lover roams desolate plains,  
 Will the beloved keep aloof from him?

The *bulbul* nestles close to the rose,  
 Doting on it and deep in love;  
 Soon the *bulbul* and the roses die,  
 Only a memory of love remains.

How cruel thou hast been to me!  
 Athirst for love, I am waiting for thee,  
 O come and show thyself—  
 This hour won't last,  
 Tomorrow brings another day.

## 135\*

I have ear-rings to sell,  
 Some red, some blue, some pink;  
 Let Love and Beauty meet  
 To make the most of life.  
 Come buy, come buy, come buy.

---

\* Love's Pedlar.



shūbavani zāvill tā ävill  
     masta āndari zotavani  
 tāhāndi lolay ānimati chim  
     asnakhēn dyāran kani  
 jal yiyiv zan baḡa-babarēn  
     nāḡa-didaray hish pēyiv  
 jal yiyiv keṇchāh niyiv  
     keṇchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

lolake dūkāṇa ānim  
     husna-bāzāras kanakh  
 shokh yas yas āsi hēn  
     jal jal mōkalāvith chānakh  
 bālāpānas lolakī sogāth  
     shūbān chiv niyiv  
 jal yiyiv keṇchāh niyiv  
     keṇchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

kyāh vanav tāsir kyuth  
     dyutmut chu dūran kōdratan  
 dōn bēzānēn dil nivan  
     aki grāyi tambālāvan chu man  
 dūr hēy-ve raṅḡa raṅḡay  
     dūr hay chiv dūr chiv  
 jal yiyiv keṇchāh niyiv  
     keṇchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

I have ear-rings to sell,  
Precious and pretty and fine;  
Beneath the flowing hair  
They shine as jewels do shine;  
They cost a winsome smile.  
*Come buy, come buy, come buy.*

When amorous springtime comes  
Round basil *didar* larks flock:  
In their prime of youth  
Let maidens flock to buy  
These lovely ear-rings.  
*Come buy, come buy, come buy.*

They are Love's offerings,  
They are for lovely maids,  
They have a mighty charm,  
They lure the lovers' hearts.  
Ear-rings, my ear-rings!  
*Come buy, come buy, come buy*

moka chu azkal zarā nāzI-dikh  
 yithI dūray hēnuk  
 harud vātith shokh rozyā  
 bulbulan çoh maranuk  
 lol zāliv roshi roshe  
 kath kāriv nābad khēyiv  
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv  
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

—Nand Lal Ambardar

## 136

sumran pananI diçānam  
 premuk nishāṇa vēsiye  
 račhrun tógum ṇa rovim  
 osum ṇa bāṇa vēsiye  
 vālinji mañz thavun gōch  
 hāvun thōvum athas pēth  
 rāh kas chu, kōr mē pānas  
 nōkhsān pāṇa vēsiye  
 hāvun chu rāvarāvun  
 cāvuk samar chē khāmī  
 thāvan zi chāva bāpath  
 bānan chi thāṇa vēsiye  
 yaṇa suy nishāṇa rovim  
 taṇa maç gāmaç ta phalvā  
 nyun hyōn ṇa keñh ti, pherān  
 chas vāṇa vāṇa vēsiye  
 vēsrun panun vanas kyā  
 buth mā samēm dōhas thī  
 kunI zānI timan vatan mañz  
 gachā kōt shabāṇa vēsiye

---

Make haste to buy ear-rings,  
 This is the time to buy:  
 This is the time to love;  
 Soon autumn will set in  
 When flowers fade away  
 And love is soon forgot.  
*Come buy, come buy, come buy.*

## 136

Friend, He gave me a love-token  
 in memory of our plighted troth.  
 I did not keep it safe,  
 I did not prove worthy of it.  
 I should have lodged it in my heart,  
 But I kept it open to vulgar gaze,  
 And brought about the loss myself—  
 who is to blame for my loss?  
 Showing is losing, friend,  
 Impatience leads to imperfection:  
 The kettle must be lidded tight  
 to cook the rice on the boil.  
 Ever since I lost the love-token  
 I've been distraught and wild:  
 I cannot find the like of it  
 though I go about from shop to shop.  
 How can I explain my remissness,  
 My slips and falls and going astray?  
 How can I face Him in the day?  
 And yet I cannot go to Him, alone,  
 in the dark danger-infested night.

---

yaçh paçh ma hār byākhā  
 hēth yūrī vāti kāñchā  
 tas chā kāmī nishānan  
 bārī bārī khazānā vēsiye  
 dōlan kohan vanan mañz  
 sholan chi gulshanan mañz  
 zotan chi tarākan mañz  
 kātyāh nishānā vēsiye  
 vēsrith dālith pathar pēth  
 buth kyā dimav tāmīs nish  
 pōt pherañakī pakan chā  
 yithī hī bahānā vēsiye  
 mānav zi āsī hēmav pōt  
 choryā tasuñd muhabath  
 paivañd yi āḍanuk chā  
 shurī dosātānā vēsiye  
 dil phuṭī-maṭēn chu toshan  
 yaç gārī-maṭēn chu roshan  
 gaçh vārī-maṭēn Sōdāman  
 praçh gāyibānā vēsiye  
 āndī-pākhlī tāti chu āsan  
 bōḍabrōr Sūrāḍāsan  
 bozan chu māy lāgith  
 lolākī tarānā vēsiye

--Zinda Kaul

### 137\*

yāraṣaṇde dādi dōdmuṭ dil  
 bahāras kyā kare

Friend, do not lose faith,  
 He will send thee another token;  
 His treasures are full,  
 Has He any dearth of love-tokens?  
 In the forests thick, on mountains high,  
 In the flush and bloom of gardens gay,  
 In the scintillation of the stars—  
 Thou canst find thy love-tokens.  
 Thou sayest: "How can I face Him  
     after many slips and falls?"  
 But these pretexts will not avail  
     to turn away from Him;  
 For we may turn away from Him,  
     but will He let us go?  
 And is our eternal troth a child's friendship,  
     soon made and soon forgot?  
 Never fear, He is kind to the meek in spirit,  
 He does not favour the proud of heart!<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus hath it been with Sudāma of old,  
 Who, meek in spirit, won His love;  
 Thus is it with him who, like Sūrdāsa,  
 Mid world's dark distractions turns to Him,  
 And sings His songs of love;  
 Whilst He, unknown and unseen,  
 Quietly listens, sitting by.

## 137

The flowering spring comes mockingly to her  
 Whose heart is dead for want of Love's caress.

---

1. Lit. The sophisticated.

vāv yōdvay soñt-kāluk āsi  
     nāras kyā kare  
 kāñsi prārān dāri pēṭh yus  
     vāñsi trāve dāri ōsh  
 ābāshāruk tas havas kyā  
     Shālāmāras kyā kare  
 kāñsi palāzun kāñsi huñd zavar banun  
     yas yōḥ nā lāñ  
 sōñ banāvāñ sañgipāras  
     tas bicāras kyā kare  
 hoshi dājmaḥ joshi vāḥmaḥ  
     poshi gāhnan toshi kyā  
 roshi yas ḥol osh trāvith  
     goshivāras kyā kare  
 Kālīdāsas tālikāñ path kālī  
     vōñmut gāṭalēv  
 tali'an yus log zālas  
     gāṭajāras kyā kare  
 lolāmas zālēm tā gālēm  
     yas budith mālūm gav  
 bīmā nashike trāviḥ mas  
     con, khumāras kyā kare  
 rañg hāvith bram ḍivāñ os  
     kahvacan khōṭ myon sōñ  
 āññ kōḍus āñdryum khōcar nōñ  
     lolā nāras kyā kare

The spring breeze blows soft and cool,  
 But it fans the flame of a heart that is on fire.  
 She who waits in vain for her Love's return  
 And, pining, drowns her eyes in tears,  
 What desire hath she to see the garden bloom<sup>1</sup>,  
 What desire to watch the fountains play?  
 Philosophers' stone turns all metals into gold;  
 But what availeth it to her  
 Whom Fate has not destined to be her lord's  
     ornament,  
 Whom Fate has destined to pass lonely days and  
     nights?  
 What need hath she of ornament<sup>2</sup>,  
 Whom Death has parted from her lord and love,  
 Whose ardour is cooled and youth faded away?  
 We have heard it said of old:  
 Kalidāsa had to suffer ignominy untold—  
 All vain is genius to him  
 Whom fate and misery hold in thrall.  
 Now that I am old, I realize love's wine lights  
     up a flame of all-consuming fire;  
 Fain would I give it up,  
 But can I suppress the craving for it?  
 In the crucible of love dross melted away from  
     gold, and I was exposed;  
 The artificial gilt of my base metal can no  
     longer deceive the touchstone.

---

1. Lit. Shalimar garden. 2. Lit. *Dijharoo*, worn by all Kashmiri  
 Panditanis in token of nuptial bond.



ɖāli nimāhas bālayāras  
 őr tạ shòd pāthēm nà dil  
 ɕhēnI-mātis yath dāgdāras  
 nābakāras kyā kare  
 bronṭhạ chuy yàç krūṭh mánzil  
 gāphilo bas kar mạ zeth  
 yas mātis māgas jigar shāhlēv nà  
 hāras kyā kare—

—Zinda Kaul

kòrum yi tātḥI, kyā vanas  
 thòvun nà bākI mārānas  
 sỏ rum chẻ manạ-āyinas  
 yi kỏr nà kānsi dushmanas

sỏrum su lālạỏkh manas  
 jalāv lỏg kazal vanas  
 phỏrum su nār khạrmanas  
 lỏgus nà keñh ti zethanas  
 dilas hyỏtun, jigar tatẻv,  
 shor vỏth zi nār hā

—Zinda Kaul

I would offer my heart to Love,  
 But it is not pure nor whole ;  
 With its rents and stains of shame  
 What use can it be to him ?  
 O Heedless One, stay,  
 Thy journey is arduous and long ;  
 The fire of thy heart was not quenched by the  
     frosty winds of *Magh*,  
 How canst thou bear the blazing heat of *Har* ?

## 138

Words fail me : how can I tell  
 What my Love has done to me ?  
 'T's he has brought me down,  
 It's he has slain my heart  
 And caused me the agony of death,  
 It's he has broken the mirror of my heart—  
 Could any foe do me worse ?

When the flaming image of my Love<sup>1</sup>  
     filled my heart,  
 It lighted up a big blazing fire in the dark  
     forest of my breast ;  
 The fire spread far and wide within, fanned  
     vigorously and quick,  
 And burnt all that was there, fondly  
     treasured by me.  
 The heart took fire,  
 Its fiery tongues caught up the liver !  
 And all who saw did cry :  
 "Fire, ho ! fire !"

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1. Lit. Flame-Face.

vadihe manush, cāyihe nā ōsh,  
 vadaṇas vuchun tāsīr kyā?  
 hārith āchivkinI khūn kyā?  
 chāvith palan sātI hīr kya?  
 būzith zi bozān chum nā kānh  
 phārI-yād karnac zir kyā?  
 lāyith nabas yim tīr kyā?  
 majbūriyā! lācāriyā!

mór ānā ānay chus maran  
 böchi tari treshe povmut  
 dādēv khurēv bāçav shurēv  
 phikirav gamav hōbrovmut  
 yim gam çalith hātI hāvāsan  
 māçrovmut vēsarovmut  
 kunipēth khēvān thak chus nā man  
 kath-tanI-kun chus hovmut  
 rut dēshanay rut zāṇanay  
 çhārān çu kyā-tām rovmut  
 mas nāndri mañz chukh covmut  
 naphsanI tā shokac—khāriyā!

Man would weep,  
He would not gulp down his tears;  
But what availed it him to shed his tears?  
What availed it him to drop blood from his  
eyes?  
What availed it him to beat his head against  
a rock?  
Knowing that none heeds him,  
What drives him on still to sue for help?  
What drives him on to shoot his darts at the  
void?  
*What compulsion! what helplessness!*

Man—momently dying:  
By hunger, cold and thirst oppressed,  
By disease distressed, by worry harrassed,  
By fear and want and woe subdued.  
These sorrows o'er, by a hundred desires  
beguiled,  
His unsteady mind, not finding rest in anything  
here,  
Still craves for a Something, though unknown,  
The Good not seen by him, nor known by him,  
He yet would find as something lost, which he  
possessed before—  
Like one who wakes with a memory dim  
Of the taste of wine he had in a dream.  
*What misery—between want and desire!*

kartām kāmI-tāmat bōnā  
 pōtçhāyi dūre dyūṭhmut  
 sānēv kanav suy būzmut  
 sānis dilas suy byūṭhmut  
 tāmI-suñd chu vōñI durēr zārith  
 suy zonmut chus rūṭhmut  
 goshan gupith zan byūṭhmut  
 lolas chē bālI bemāriyā!

yāmI dūri rūzith çūri zan  
 phambāh lādith thōvmut kanan  
 zānh chā praçhān ahvāl son  
 zānh chā sōran, zānh chā vanan,  
 “yim kālagaṭi mē trāvmaṭI  
 lāgith chamban chāran vanan  
 ammā timan gayi kyā vanan?”  
 husnas na keñh gamkhāriyā!

dapahāv manas, “yēs raç na sreh  
 tāmI-sañz diyī phal vīr kyā?  
 vyōd mā ti chuy mā pay-patā  
 labanuk karakh tadbīr kyā?”  
 man chus na mānan pōt açun  
 (vāvas karav zāñjīr-kyā?  
 tas te vuchav takhsīr kyā?  
 chā lol yāraphtāriyā?

Someone (they say) descried from afar  
 The sheen of His halo, in another time.  
 This our ears have heard,  
 This our hearts have believed;  
 And we pine for Him  
 As for our Love offended and displeased,  
 Who has fled and hid himself in solitude.  
*Lovesickness for no reason,  
 Lovesickness nought availeth.*

Keeping aloof, in concealment far away,  
 To all entreaties deaf,  
 His ears (as if) stuffed up with cotton wool  
 Does He ever enquire for us?  
 Does He ever think of us, ever ask: .  
 "Whom I have cast, mid darkness black,  
 On precipices steep, in forests thick—  
 What has befallen them?"  
*Beauty's wanton indifference.*

Man pleaded with his heart:  
 "He has no love,  
 Why sue to Him?  
 Will a willow tree yield thee a pear?  
 Knowest thou the path that leads to Him?  
 What means of approach canst thou find?"  
 But his mind—would it listen?  
 Would it turn back?  
 (And who can chain the wind?)  
 And how is mind to blame?  
*Is love an idle fancy?*

pananuy kanan mañz chusa sadā ?  
 chus nāphā pānas nish khāṭith  
 lārān chē ammā rūsl-kāt  
 parbat tā van trāvith ṇātith  
 lārān tithay-pāṭhin chu dil  
 athakhor trāvith āchI vātith  
 mushkhā yivān chas yāraṣaṇz  
 lāmI lāmI kaḍān chas sōy rātith  
 sūrith ākis vāstas aṇdar  
 bēyi mānza chas nerān phātith  
 shamaṇan yāmis hov dūri pān  
 pāmpur bihā dāman vātith ?  
 tas paṭa yi māṭI māṭI neri nā  
 sath akālihāndI jamah ṇātith ?  
 (yōdvay āchiv nish chus khāṭith)  
 chā husn jodūgāriyā ?

hārāniyā ! lācāriyā !  
 naphsaṇI tā shokac khāriyā !  
 lolas chē bālI bemāriyā !  
 husnas na keñh gamkhāriyā !  
 chā lol yāraphtāriyā ?  
 chā husn jodūgāriyā ?

Is the sound in his ears the echo of his Self?  
 The musk-deer chases the musk,  
 Within him lodged but hidden from his sight,  
 Running as only a deer can run  
 Across the hills and wilds.  
 So recklessly and fast  
 Runs the heart of man,  
 Which scents out his Love.  
 It will not let him rest,  
 It still must lead him on  
 To see Beauty blooming here,  
 And Beauty blooming everywhere,  
 Inexhaustible and rare!  
 When the candle shows its flame,  
 Can a moth lie still, unconcerned?  
 Rending Reason's garments seven<sup>1</sup>  
 Will man not follow up the scent?  
 (What matters if the Musk be hidden from his  
 sight?)  
*Is Beauty a 'vain illusive show'?*  
*What bewilderment!*  
*What resistless urge!*  
*What misery—between want and desire!*  
*Lovesickness for no reason;*  
*Lovesickness nought availeth;*  
*Beauty's wanton indifference.*  
*Is love an idle fancy?*  
*Is beauty a 'vain illusive show'?*

---

1. Five Indriyas, manas, and buddhi.



## 140\*

zuv chum bramān gaçhaḥā bo tor  
 yāti sārivaḡ day monmut  
 kun dāṭa mālīk māj mol  
 khōkha-bāṭī tārah vigni yach  
 trāvith, barān tāṣī ot lol  
 bakhtī prāyam sīvā dayā  
 shōd dharām mānan çhōṭ ṭa mōṭ  
 yāti dīsh vōth, zal thal vēshāl,  
 an pan ṭa phal mad gēv vōphūr  
 dyutmut dayan tim bāgrān  
 khēth chukh ḥarān, zānan ṇa çūr  
 bechun maṅun thaph lūṭh ḥar  
 zānan ṇa, chukh santūsh sham  
 kenḥ kānsi nishi yaṭī çōr ṇa kam  
 byāsuṇd vuchith allphas ṇa bam  
 yāti kāmkoṭ sārī karān  
 path chakh seṭhā rozan mōkal  
 gindan gēvan lekhan paran  
 yāti kānh ṇa vadānāvān shurēn  
 yāti dīviyay mānān trāyan  
 yaṭī kūr gōbras khōṭa ṭāṭh  
 yāti nōsh ṇa kānh karmas dayan  
 aḍa kyāzi trāvan zaharā dah  
 aḍa kyāzi pēn asmāṇa bam  
 vani vāri āngan jāyi sāph  
 ārī pān sōṇdar nuṇḍabānī  
 koṇh mā kōkārav kiñ kōkor  
 sōṛanay ṇa naphsun vor vor  
 pashinuk ṇa vōsh, vadānuk ṇa shor  
 Karānāvi, tārah nā apor! —Zinda Kaul

\* A selected fragment.

I long to go  
 Where all have a living faith in God—  
 One, Loving Father, Lord of all—  
 Where ghosts, genii and spirits dark  
     hold no sway over men's minds;  
 Where love, service and charity  
     is the simple and supreme rule of life;  
 Where lands are vast and all have room to live;  
 Where food and fruit and milk abundant  
 And all the good things of life, are shared by all;  
 Where all have enough to eat, and none too  
 • much;  
 Where none covet and steal their neighbours'  
     goods,  
 None beg, none dispute, none envy;  
 Where all have work to do and none are idle,  
 And those who work have time  
     for play and study, song and fun;  
 Where all are happy, and children do not cry;  
 Where women are respected as goddesses divine  
 Where daughters are loved as dearly as the sons  
 Where none is a widow;  
 Where disease and ugliness and evil ways of life;  
     do not stunt and warp the growth of men;  
 Where wars are unknown, and the skies serene;  
     do not rain down poison gas and savage death;  
 Where dwellings are clean and gardens lovely;  
 Where none suffer from want and fear;—  
 To that City Beautiful,  
 Ferryman, lead me and my countrymen!

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